TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A Canadian youth is no worse and not a whit less Canadian for having lived in the United States for a few years. Of course it is a truism that travel widens the mind and tends to a milder criticism of the methods and institutions of other countries, and we should be thankful that this comes to so many of the migratory natives of our fair Dominion. I was long enough in the United States to gain a fairly good insight into the institutions of the country and the impulses of the people. My college days were spent there, and considerable of my newspaper education was acquired in the Republic. Those of us of whom this can be said are apt to be accused of having become Americanized, particularly when, returning to our native country, we see the strongest points of republican institutions criticized, and their weaker points upheld by those who are actuated by prejudice rather than inspired by information. As a matter of fact few Canadians become naturalized in the United States until they have resided there for a great number of years. I had no inclination to do so. I believe it can be truly said of the majority of Canadians abroad that they are the rankest "Britishers" that can be found. One hears so much braggadocio, so much that is insulting to our mother land, probably unintentionally so, that the combative instincts are aroused at once, and British institutions are defended with a vigor and unreasonableness perhaps which astound the Yankee. Nevertheless, an acquaintance with American institutions must be a benefit to the citizen of any country, for there the idea that the power should lie with the people and that the government should be for and by them has developed the highest type of organized democracy there is in the world, for we must remember that the framers of the United States constitution endeavored to form a government as like that of England as possible, only without a hereditary king. It is claimed that British institutions are more democratic than those of America. In some respects they are, in others they are not. Many of the United States institutions tend to the uplifting of the people; in others the tendency is to degrade politics and debase the voter. Taken all 'round but slight modifications would make our institutions incomparably superior to theirs. These slight modifications of our institutions will ultimately be made. Every day tends towards these changes, and the sturdy, national spirit—a spirit which thrills every Canadian heart when we hear it voiced—which has been very rapidly developed under threats of retaliation, is making our people more alive to the necessity of remodelling our internal relations as provinces and a colony and towards the establishment of different foreign relations. I make these explanations because, as a self-appointed critic of public men and commentator on passing events, I find it necessary, in order to be just, to be sometimes at variance with those who esteem it their duty to continually upbraid our neighbors and revile their institutions.

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I feel sorry Cleveland was defeated. In a great many respects he has been one of the best presidents the United States ever had. One thing, at least, can be said of him, he was president; there was nobody behind the chair pulling the strings. When he was first a candidate for office, I had occasion to notice his public utterances, and was impressed by his terse sentences and sturdy independence. A desire to retain office has since driven him to do indefensible things; cannot the same be said of Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield? He made his reputation as Sheriff of Erie County, and friend and foe alike recognized him as having removed many abuses. Then when he became Governor of the State, he was the friend of the people, and his administration was marked by many reforms, which, without the slightest suspicion of demagoguery, brought him permanently to the front as the proper material out of which to make a president. That independent and educated vote, which bore the name of Mugwump in the campaign of 1884, endorsed him on account of his record and professions of anxiety for civil service reform. He found it very hard when he became president to perform what he had promised. The Democrats, who had been out of office for twenty-four years, were hungering for the plunder, and their clamor for place and urgent protestations that the offices were theirs by right of conquest had many points of strength. That he refused to listen to the majority of applicants called forth denunciations from his own party which must have wounded him to the heart. He was stigmatized as a traitor and as a creature of the Mugwumps. Now as the Mugwumps were largely dissatisfied Republicans and open to the charge of being imitators of British aristocracy, it was a politically dangerous thing for him to be in alliance with them. From the first it was his connection with that faction which led him to be suspected of being exceedingly un-democratic and pro-English in his sympathies, and later events have proved to us how serious a charge this sort of thing might become. He maintained a great many Republicans in office, refusing to dismiss them unless for proper cause. I know I will shock my readers, but I for one believe that while government by party lasts the offices belong to the administration and should be filled by its friends. In the more brutal language of an ex-president, "To the victors belong the spoils." Office has always been held, in all countries where elective institutions prevail, as the "spoils." That in well-governed countries this is too harsh a word to use is apparent to all thinking people. There is no robbery about it; no piracy; no taking from the people that which should be retained by them. For in a political sense "spoils" but represent the offices which are lucrative and honorable. Those to whom these offices are given have opportunities of learning more of the machinery of government than outsiders, and this education and the culture which comes especially to those living at the capital or in the cities where offices are numerous, should be returned to the people as a leaven whereby the masses may be the improved. Why, if government by party is to prevail, these offices should be held by the enemies of the administration, has never been satisfactorily explained. It is claimed that the proprieties are better preserved when old office-holders are retained instead of new ones appointed. The majority of minor state offices are easy to fill. The work is entirely of a routine order; in two weeks a man can thoroughly acquaint himself with his duties. A new broom often sweeps cleaner than an old one. Nothing so ruins a man's ambition as a small certainty. When he gets a permanent office he often imagines he is to hold it without regard to public opinion or change of administration and he becomes a drone, not doing the work of half a man. However, Cleveland did not take this view, and he thus angered his own party, especially in the State of New York. If his view was right he was ahead of his time, and it does not pay a man to arrive before he is due.

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Out of the wrangle over the offices arose the quarrel with "Dave" Hill, because Cleveland was too good for the party, and the former thought he was just good enough for the place. The rupture increased until the knifing of Tuesday. Of course Hill cannot now expect to be President, because he has lost the confidence of the Democratic party of the United States. He played a desperate game, and exchanged the Presidential "bird in the bush" for the immediate, and what the New York *Herald* calls, "imperial" patronage of New York offices.

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Then again comes the Irish vote. We are not so unused to pandering to races and creeds that we can afford to erect any exalted standard by which to measure other countries. That there is such a thing as the Irish vote, means that somewhere there is an Irish grievance. While Russia has a Poland there will be a Polish vote, and while England has an Ireland there will be an Irish vote. That politicians should endeavor to capture this vote, be it in the United States or in Canada, is not strange. That the Irish are so cohesive, that their vote has to be reckoned with as an important factor, proves that no matter how long they have been expatriated they retain their national grudge and propose to show at every opportunity that England must reckon with them, not only at home but abroad. How much there is in their grievances, it is not the purpose of this article to show. That there is much bombast and scandalous endeavor on the part of individuals to foment agitation and keep alive bitterness for the purpose of securing offices for themselves is too evident to need declaration. The fact remains that there is something in the Irish business which is a continual menace to England. That Cleveland pandered less to this feeling than did the Republicans I believe to be a fact. That he was more friendly to Canada and Great Britain than his opponent I imagine will be generally conceded. That he took unusual, perhaps unwise, at any rate offensive and unstatesmanlike steps to defend himself from the charge of being an ally of Great Britain and un-American in his sentiments, we have seen. Nevertheless he is a man of great self-possession, determined, cautious, diplomatic, and well fitted to rule a nation. His errors will be remembered in history as slight ones; his personal power will be placed second to that of no other President since Washington. That he has been driven from office will be remembered as a victory for the protective tariff idea rather than as a failure to maintain his popularity or a lack of those qualities which should make a ruler almost necessary to his country.

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Now that he has ceased to be President, it might be profitable to look upon the vanity of political ambition. He has held the highest office in the gift of any people, and, still a young man, he retires to private life, debarred from the pursuit of any greater ambition for which his talents qualify him, and as his years multiply he must find himself not only in days but in honors declining to the grave unlike Gladstone, who towards the completion of his four-score years still keeps as great a place as ever in public view and private regard, he has nothing open to him but retirement, from which his voice cannot come without the fear of his utterances being mistaken for those of a disappointed and embittered man. What great things can be said of the latter days of ex-presidents? Gen. Grant made a tour of the world, during which the glory he won on the battlefield served him well in attracting the attention of foreign powers. But later as the head of a defaulting firm his one-time greatness made more conspicuous and agonizing the ruin into which he fell. Lincoln is in his grave; he did not outlive the glory of his administration. Garfield, too, fell by the bullet of an assassin or the laurels he wore would have withered on his brow. Hayes! Who ever hears of Rutherford B. Hayes? I was at Fremont, O., when he returned home from the White House, and he was received by half a thousand villagers in a drizzling rain. At his pleasant home I had a talk with him as reporter for the Associated Press, and he told me that his life seemed completed—that thereafter he would feel he was outliving his greatness and usefulness. He never had any greatness of his own, nor any usefulness that I could discover, but the glory of his office had gone from him, and he could do no more than sit an idle spectator of others growing into power and think of what he once was. So Grover Cleveland, a much greater man, will have to retire into the deepening gloom of privacy, while he still feels within himself increasing power of usefulness to his country and greater opportunities of obtaining a proud and permanent place in its history.

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If these things are true of presidents, of men who have been the peer of kings, how much more forcible is their application to those politicians who never rise above ward notoriety or provincial eminence. The majority of men who go to Ottawa as members of Parliament come home at the end of five years to be defeated and their hearts broken by seeing the bubble of political reputation slip away from them. What high hopes have risen in their hearts when assured of victory on election night! What bewilderment has disturbed their ideal progress when coping with the stronger spirits at the capital! How they have been humiliated by the discovery of their unimportance in the council of the nation! How disappointed at the small results of what was to have been a career! The only compensation they have for these things is the hope that later they will yet achieve that for which they hoped. Then comes defeat and retirement, with a bitterness which must be most consuming to the proud who have no other great aims in their life and no profession which will still afford them the sweets of publicity. Or if several terms be granted them, how often do we see dissipation and degrading excitement taking the place of honest endeavor for political preferment? How many of those who have entered the arena as competitors have brought home with them any laurel wreath that their children would care to preserve? How very many of them return with habits and debased ideals to which the pride of their posterity could not bear reference. "Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!" saith the preacher, and the more that we scrutinize these things the more we know the preacher was right.

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When cometh the resurrection day for the decayed politician? Whence cometh the tardy reward for the office-seeker who abandons legitimate toil for the pursuit of votes for the candidate who will hardly recognize him the day after the election? The waiting is full of weariness of spirit, and the ending, save in odd cases, is poverty and disappointment. "He who pursueth with eagerness the phantoms of fancy, and believes that to-morrow will bring fruition of the hopes of to-day," can well attend to the history of ex-presidents and defeated politicians. Yet in spite of all of these things every one of us is willing to take a try at it. We know that it all ends in vanity and vexation of spirit, and yet, unlike a foot race, every man will enter whether he can run or not. After all we can see how wise was the provision of providence when ambition was planted in the heart of man, otherwise we would spend our time basking in the sun or whittling sticks at the corner grocery, provided there existed any one with gimp enough to furnish a grocery where we could congregate and philosophize over the failure of others.

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On one thing the liquidators of the Central Bank can be congratulated; the appointment of their solicitors. Mr. W. R. Meredith, Q. C., as the successor of the late W. A. Foster, is a man well worthy of confidence, and everyone without regard to politics will rejoice that such discernment has been shown. Mr. Meredith like Edward Blake devoted more than his share of time and money to the pursuit of politics and but little reward has been meted out to him.

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The *Globe* has been complaining on behalf of its Ministerial friends that the salaries of the members of the Ontario Cabinet are too low. Four or five thousand dollars a year is, perhaps, not a very large amount to pay men who, no doubt, if they are clever enough for the office, could earn much larger stipends elsewhere. It would not be a good principle to make the offices so lucrative that they would be sought for on that account. The *Globe* does not touch on the absurdity of the salary of the Lieutenant-Governor who requires none of the cleverness necessary to the equipment of a successful Cabinet Minister, though the former position with perquisites is worth more than four times the amount paid the Premier. If he received what is now paid one of the secretaries, and the balance were divided amongst the Cabinet Ministers, the province would suffer no loss, and the recompense would be proportioned to the labor. If the *Globe* is going in for a reformation of this sort, let it begin by urging its friends to cut down useless expenditure, and perhaps later on the public will feel like acting more generously towards its faithful servants. While the *Globe* is in the agitation business, why does it not insist that the salary paid the sheriff of Toronto, which is five times the size it should be, when we consider the amount of brains and labor necessary to the performance of his duties, be cut down? It might also insist on the reorganization of the registrar's office, which is a little gold mine to the registrar. Why does it not clamor for the cutting down

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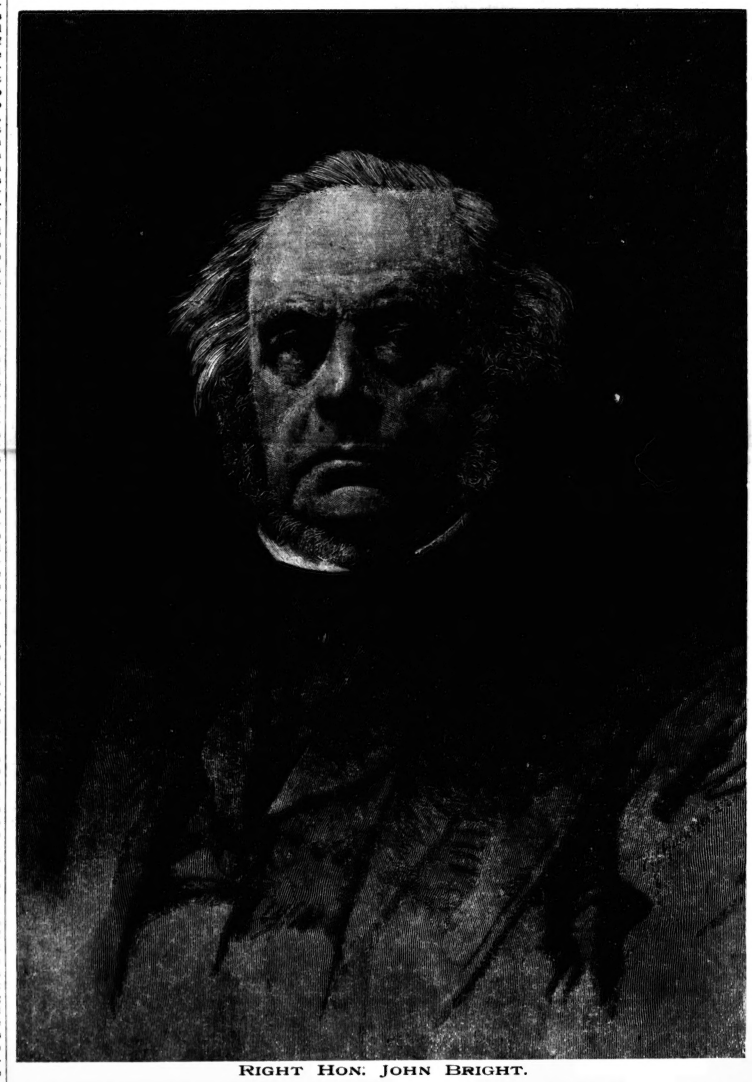

RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

The Foy-Cumberland wedding last Wednesday afternoon, as was to be expected, proved a most fashionable addition to the constantly increasing number of home weddings which are becoming yearly more popular. Three o'clock was the time named, and at that hour the hospitable walls of Eastcote, the family residence of the Cumberland's in Queen's Park, contained a large gathering of Toronto society to witness the very interesting ceremony by which Mr. Augustine Foy and Miss Constance Geraldine Cumberland were made one.

The bride, who, as everyone knows, is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel Cumberland, and a sister of Mr. Barlow Cumberland, was attended by Miss Tillie Spratt and Miss Tessie Foy, and a very pretty spectacle was presented as, preceded by a little niece of the bride with a wand, this charming trio passed down the staircase to the large drawing-room. The bride was superbly gowned in white corded silk, trimmed with Brussels lace and pearls, her veil being of tulle with wreath of myrtle and orange blossoms. Miss Tillie Spratt's dress was of white lustre with apple-green sash, Miss Tessie Foy's being of white surah silk with orange sash.

The ceremony itself was performed by the Rev. Father Laurent, Chancellor of the Diocese, assisted by the Rev. Father Brennan of St. Basil's. Mr. Gordon Jones attended the groom through the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Foy were the recipients of hearty congratulations from their numerous friends.

"Happy is the bride whom the sun shines upon," was pleasantly remembered on Wednesday afternoon by the guests who assembled on the lawn at Eastcote to throw rice, slippers, and send good wishes after the young couple who were leaving for New York and their honeymoon. A marked feature of the reception after the wedding was the perfect galaxy of tall, fine looking women, who looked charming indeed. The variegated hues of the dresses worn, and the novelty of handsome and fashionable boas worn in a drawing-room lent an additional charm to the scene.

The costumes worn at the reception were particularly handsome, especially those of Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mrs. John Hoskin, Mrs. Machell, Miss Rutherford, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald and Mrs. Bankes.

Amongst those present were Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. and the Misses Foy, Miss Ince, Miss Parsons, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Osler, Miss Fraser, Miss Hoskins, Mrs. Elmes, Mrs. Skelton Fuller, Mrs. V. Radsworth, Mrs. B. Cumberland, Miss G. Ridout, Miss McCarthy, Miss Fitzgibbon, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. J. J. Foy, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. and Miss Burton, Miss Small, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. H. Webster, Mrs. Kersteman, Mrs. Hayter, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Geo. Ridout, Mrs. D. Ridout, Mrs. F. Barwick, Mrs. W. Barwick, Mrs. B. Macdonald, Mrs. Joseph Ridout, Mrs. Machell, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Broughall, Mrs. C. Ferguson, Mrs. H. Ferguson, the Misses Spratt, Mrs. McCulloch, Miss Todd, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Boultbee, the Misses Dupont, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. P. Ridout, Mrs. A. Beardmore, Mrs. H. Becher, Mrs. and Miss Smith, Mrs. B. Kent, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. N. Ridout, the Misses McKellar, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mr. Foy, Mr. Ince, Mr. H. Parsons, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Webster, Mr. J. Fraser, Mr. Morphy, Mr. Elmes, Mr. Skelton Fuller, Mr. V. Wadsworth, Mr. B. Cumberland, Mr. Ridout, Dr. Baines, Mr. John Foy, Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. Cattanach, Mr. Burton, Mr. Small, Col. Dawson, Mr. H. Webster, Mr. Kersteman, Mr. Hayter, Mr. Edgar, Mr. George Ridout, Mr. D. Ridout, Mr. F. Barwick, Mr. R. Barwick, Mr. A. Cameron, Mr. B. Macdonald, Mr. Allen, Dr. Machell, Mr. Torrance, Mr. C. Ferguson, Mr. H. Ferguson, Mr. R. Spratt, Mr. H. Spratt, Mr. McCulloch, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Gwynne, Mr. Boultbee, Mr. Eddie Jones, Rev. Father Laurent, Mr. John Hoskin, Mr. P. Ridout, Mr. A. Beardmore, Mr. H. Becher, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. Grant Ridout, Rev. Father Brennan, Mr. Austin, Capt. McDougall, Mr. Stimson, Mr. R. Wadsworth, Mr. A. Langmuir, Mr. W. Ridout, Mr. L. Campbell.

Mrs. John Langtry divided her hospitality among her many friends in giving two afternoon teas Wednesday and Thursday of this week, which were most enjoyable.

The Very Rev. Dean Geddes of Niagara is visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. Brough of 32 St. George street.

Mr. Gamble Geddes is home again, after a three weeks' holiday spent with the deer shooting party in the wilds of Muskoka, gotten up by Mr. Edin Heward.

Miss O'Brien of College avenue entertained about forty of her lady friends on Thursday with afternoon tea.

Mrs. Charles Riordon's At Home last Saturday was a large and fashionable gathering and was thoroughly enjoyed by the hundred and fifty or two hundred guests present. Mrs. Riordon received in an elegant tea gown of golden brown plush en train, the whole front being tastefully draped with heavy apricot silk. She was assisted by her niece, who is staying with her, Miss Horrox, dressed in robin egg blue cashmere and liberty silk of a lighter shade, simply made; Mrs. Bunting, who appeared in a black velvet and jet gown en train, and Miss Bunting looking charming in a black lace frock demi train. Mrs. Irving Cameron and Dr. Scadding gave instrumental and vocal selections several times during the afternoon, which were much enjoyed and received favorable comment.

Among the number present were the Rev. Canon Dumoulin, Mrs. and Miss Dumoulin, Mrs. Parsons, the Misses Parsons, Mrs. C. C. Baines, Miss Greig, Mrs. Philip Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, the Misses Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, Mr. Bunting, the Misses Harris, Mr. Roberts, the Misses Dallas, Miss O'Brien, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Audrey Hoskins, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Miss Covernton, Miss Birchall, Mrs. F. Osler, the Misses Osler, Miss Wyatt, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Miss Wright, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Mrs. George Crawford, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Mr. R. W. Moffatt, Miss Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dunstan, Mrs. McMahon, the Misses McLean, Mr. F. Jones, the Misses Foy, the Misses Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. George Holmestead, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Hart, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. and Miss Murray, Mr. W. Spratt, the Misses Spratt, Mr. Hollyer, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Miss Lea, Mrs. and the Misses Langtry, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. and the Misses McLean Howard, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. George Hart, Mr. Burritt, Mr. Horrox, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer.

Mrs. Clarkson Jones, St. Joseph street, gave an enjoyable little dance on Wednesday night, there being about thirty-five or forty present.

Miss L. Birchall returned to town this week from Europe.

Mrs. Frank May of Montreal is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. McCullough of this city.

The bouquet throwing which took place from the boxes at the Grand last Saturday night hardly showed good taste on the part of the throwers. The distribution of these favors was not made with a nice discrimination between the respective talents of the two ladies who received them. The custom of throwing flowers to a popular singer or actress was originally a very different matter to what it is now. When ladies of old tore flowers from their hair or their bosoms and threw them on the stage their action was spontaneous and a real tribute to the talent of the recipients. Nowadays the admirer or friend of an often indifferent actress purchases beforehand what the newspapers call "a floral tribute," and makes the public theater the scene of an avowal of his love or his friendship, as the case may be. It seems to me that the development of what used to be a pleasing custom has not improved it.

The entertainment given by the bachelors of Tintagel, McCaul street, and their introduction of Mr. Grant Stewart to the fashionable world was in all respects a great success. Nearly two hundred people took advantage of their invitations and were present, but so excellent were the arrangements that a generally expressed foreboding of overcrowding was not fulfilled. The cards named half-past eight, but few people arrived before nine, and it was nearly 9:30 before the large double drawing-room was fully occupied and the entertainment proper began. I wonder whether Toronto people ever did arrive at any evening party before nine o'clock, or whether they will ever be persuaded to do so. The guests were received by one or all of their hosts in the drawing-room, and after a cup of tea or coffee were ushered to their chairs in the drawing room to make room at the refreshment tables for new comers. So carefully had space been economized in placing the chairs that there were seats for almost everybody. There must have been upwards of a hundred and fifty chairs, and the long apartment had all the appearance of a small concert hall.

Mr. Stewart's programme was long and varied enough to show the versatility of his talents, and in spite of the length there were no traces of exhaustion in his closing numbers. Of his recitations the two best were undoubtedly Robert Browning's well known Pied Piper of Hamlin and Parrhasius by Wilcox, and of these two I preferred the former, perhaps because it is the finer poem. Edgar Allen Poe's The Bells was also admirably given, its wedding bells, its curfew bells, its passing bells, all harmoniously rung and tolled. What elocutionist of ambition is there who has not wrestled with this most difficult of recitations, and how widely different from all others is Mr. Stewart's rendering of it that night. Of Mr. Stewart's two musical sketches, the first, A Juvenile Party, was by far the best, its concluding song, The Boarding School, seemed to fetch the audience more than anything in the whole performance. The second, A Little Yachting, possibly because it was the last number in the programme, was received rather coldly; many people were beginning to think it was time to begin dancing, for the performance had begun an hour later than was intended, and since the duties of the "master of the ceremonies" were numerous and exacting, some of the intervals had been a little too long. Great was the delight when before Mr. Stewart's last number, it was announced that Mrs. Watson, who, in company with Miss Coghlan, had just arrived from the theater, would give a recitation. Equally great was the disappointment, when, after a plucky attempt at a few lines of Aux Italiens, the lady found that her severe cold and the evening's work had left her so nearly voiceless as to make the recitation impossible. Mr. Stewart is an undeniable acquisition to Toronto.

At midnight the performance was at an end, and urged by strong arms the chairs were discharged through the four windows on to the lawn; in a twinkling the room was cleared, and although some people departed then, many stayed, and dancing was kept up until two o'clock. The master of ceremonies, Mr. Reginald Thomas, performed his onerous duties successfully, while the other hosts, Messrs. McLellan, Fox, Roberts, John Morrow, Heaton, Bruce and Goldingham, were all that hosts should be.

Amongst those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, the Misses Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Beckett of Quebec, Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, England, the Misses Burton, Mr. George Burton, Mr. Yarker, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Robinson, Miss Crooks, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, the Misses Shanly, Mr. G. N. Shanly, Capt. Sears, Capt. Macdougall, Mr. George Michie, Miss Spratt, Mr. William Spratt, the Misses Strachan, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Williams of London, England, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Bankleer of Hamilton, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Rowley Moffat, Miss Moffatt, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. J. D. Haye, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Prof. and Mrs. Hutton, Miss Smith of Edinburgh, the Misses Ince, the Misses Larratt Smith, Mr. Hugh Larratt Smith, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Carpenter of London, England, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Miss Morris, Mrs. John Heward, Miss A. Heward, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Ross, Mrs. Brough, Miss Brough, Miss Clarkson Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. A. Campbell, the Hon. Mr. Justice Morgan and Mrs. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, Miss Grace Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Walter Beardmore, Mr. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, the Misses Larned of New York, Miss Bethune, Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Dr. Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. Eddy Jones, the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gwynne, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth-Grant, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Greene, Mr. Payne, Major Smith of London, Ont., Mr. Robinson, Miss Coghlan, Mrs. Watson, Miss Donald McInnes of Montreal, Mr. Alex. McEwan and Miss McEwan of London, England.

The event of the evening's proceedings at the home of the hospitable bachelors of McCaul street last week should serve as a warning to future hosts and hostesses. A large jar containing three or four gallons of whisky had for convenience been deposited just outside the dining-room window on the veranda at the back of the house. It is presumed that the coachmen and cabmen found their way into the garden at the back, for the demijohn was found empty, and some of the jehus were observed to be correspondingly full. Such depredations on the part of these gentlemen have occurred before, and great care has always to be taken in order to circumvent them. A policeman or two in plain clothes would, perhaps, be a good experiment.

Though Jocelyn drew large and fashionable audiences all last week, it is in comedy that Miss Coghlan excels, and such a large and brilliant audience as filled the Grand Opera House from floor to ceiling on Saturday evening of last week, showed that such is the opinion of Toronto playgoers. So great was the desire to see Masks and Faces, and to hear The Charge of the Light Brigade, that the prejudice against theater-going on Saturday night was for once overcome, and it was the climax of a very successful week. All the boxes were filled; amongst their occupants and those of the orchestra chairs I saw Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Capt. Macdougall, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. McLellan, Mr. J. D. Haye, Mr. Napier Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, the Misses Strachan, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Clara Jones, Mr. J. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. William Spratt, the Misses Walker.

Mrs. Beckett of Quebec is staying with her parents, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, at Chestnut Park.

Captain Gilpin Brown of London, England, who was well known in Toronto society two winters ago, has been spending the summer in Muskoka and is now staying in town for a week or two.

The deer-shooting party which started from Edenswold, Mrs. Stephen Heward's place at Orillia, three weeks ago returned to town at the end of last week after a fortnight in the wilds. With the help of skilled Indians and professional huntsmen, and every appliance and comfort that money could supply, the experiment was a highly successful one. The full number of deer allowed by law, namely, twelve, were killed, besides much small game. The ladies of the party proved themselves first-rate shots, and though they were not called on to undergo any very great hardship showed themselves well able to stand camp life in October.

Mrs. Stephen Heward and Miss Heward and Mr. Edin Heward are staying at the Queen's pending the completion of alterations to their house on Peter street. Miss Williams of London, Eng., is their guest.

Miss Montizambert, daughter of Col. Montizambert, formerly of Kingston, is staying with Mrs. Cecil Gibson.

Miss Smith of Edinburgh has come out to spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, on Spadina avenue.

Miss L. Moss entertained a few of her friends at afternoon tea on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Hodgins, Miss Biggar, Miss Bethune, Miss Sullivan, Miss E. D. Moss and Miss R. Blaine were amongst the number. The latter, with her usual charming amiability, supplied the company with music.

The twelfth annual banquet of Trinity Medical College, to be held at the Queen's Hotel, Tuesday, November 13, promises to be the largest and best of the kind ever given in Toronto. The officers are as follows: Mr. H. Chapple, president; Mr. H. C. Cummings, secretary; Mr. H. Mason, toaster; Mr. J. Bryce Mundie and Mr. W. Dixon, representatives of fourth year; Mr. Bowie and Mr. Cummings, third year; Mr. G. Hargraves, 3rd vice-president; Mr. Hicks and Mr. Farncomb, second year; Mr. D. Bently, 2nd vice-president; Mr. Auty and Mr. Cleghorn, first year; Mr. Wm. Robertson, 1st vice-president. Mr. Chapple, the president, is untiring in his efforts to have the banquet of 1888 surpass anything Trinity has given heretofore; while the music is in the hands of Mr. Mundie. Mr. Mundie received a letter from Miss Rose Coghlan, which was read by the chairman, Mr. Quarry, expressing her delight and thanking the students of T. M. C. for their kindness to her while in Toronto.

Amongst those present at Mrs. Bain's At Home on Saturday were Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Miss Macdonald, Mr. Jack Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mowat, the Misses Todd, Mrs. C. Moss, Miss Moss, Mr. J. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. H. Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Armstrong, the Misses Rutherford, Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. P. Hodgins, Mrs. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskins. About five hundred people altogether. Miss Bain looked charming in a pale heliotrope tea gown. I noticed more gentlemen than I have ever seen at a tea before.

As I expected last week, Society has eagerly thronged during the week to see Mrs. Potter, her beautiful gowns, and Kyrle Bellew. As is usual on such occasions, the gentlemen are in raptures about the lady, and the ladies are raving over the gentleman. "What do you think of Mrs. Potter's acting?" I asked of one of our best known "box mashers," and his reply was: "Why, bless your heart, I never bothered about her playing; all I could think of was her handsome looks." Just imagine that! I see this young fellow at the theatre at least twice a week, he is a confirmed first-nighter, but the Potter was too much for him, and he went down before her charms at the first glance. On Monday night there were quite a number of theater parties occupying the boxes and chairs, amongst whom were Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Miss Hodgins, Miss Boulton, Mr. R. C. Dickson, Capt. Sears, Mr. C. N. Shanly, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. Napier Robinson, Mr. Dugald Macmurchy, Mr. George Michie, Mrs. Beckett, Mr. C. A. Pipon, Miss Morris, Mrs. Cattanach, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. Percival Ridout, Capt. Geddes, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. F. Hodgins, Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. T. C. Street-Macklem, Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Heward, Miss Williams, the Misses Ince, Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mr. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Miss Horrocks, Mr. Percy Manning, Mr. W. Burritt and Miss Burritt of Ottawa, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Morse, Mr. H. P. Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Dr. Strange, Miss Annie Laidlaw, Miss Murray, Mr. Fox, Mr. J. D. McLennan and Mr. J. Herbert Beatty.

On Wednesday evening Goldsmith's delightful comedy, of which the repetition never palls, drew by far the largest and smartest house of the engagement. Down to the smallest part in the large cast every character was played to the life. Men of much less good looks than his impersonator would have looked well in Mr. Mar-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH MISS BURNHAM DEFINES HER POSITION.

The rain was pouring in torrents as Stephen Tully, closely buttoned in a mackintosh, walked rapidly towards Mrs. Burnham's little shop. He was not sorry that the night was stormy, for it gave him an excuse for the upturned collar of his coat and the downturned rim of his hat which would effectually prevent anyone from identifying him. His interview with Killick in the afternoon had disturbed him. His disregard of his good resolutions made him more or less the object of his own contempt, and these things, together with the heaviness caused by too much drink and the inclemency of the weather, combined to put him in a very unpleasant temper. If it had not been for the fear that Killick was plotting against him he would have disregarded his appointment, for he was by no means anxious to be the actor in another scene with Cora and her mother.

There was no light in the shop, and the door was fastened. Without waiting to ring he entered the narrow hall at the side, climbed the stairs, and in the pretty little parlor before a mirror he found Cora gazing with unconcealed admiration at the figure reflected there. She was arrayed in a decollette ball dress of white, which displayed her fine arms and shapely shoulders to much advantage. Her mother was rearranging some of the draperies and making considerable pretence of discovering places were alterations were necessary.

"So this is what I was brought here to see, is it?" demanded Tully crossly.

"Well, isn't it worth the trouble!" asked Cora, his cold reception driving some of the brightness from her face.

"Well, I can't say that I would have walked as far as I have through this infernal storm even to see your fine figure, Cora. What are you going to do with the dress?"

"I am just trying it on for mamma. I might have waited till after you were gone, but I thought may be you would like to see me with a nice dress on," answered Cora wearily; "but I see you don't care how I look."

"I am glad it isn't anything more serious. I was afraid your mother had got you ready for the wedding, had the license in her pocket and the preacher hid in the cupboard," said Tully teasingly, peering behind the piano to see if anyone were hidden there.

"I suppose you want to drive me out of the room, Mr. Tully," snapped Mrs. Burnham. "You needn't take so much pains to be insulting, for I'm sure I don't want to stay in the room with you, but I think it is a very mean return for the trouble Cora has taken for you."

"My dear Mrs. Burnham, you underestimate the amount of pleasure I find in your society, but as you insist on leaving the apartment, permit me at this safe distance to wish you a fond and tearful farewell, and if you are not unwilling to increase the number of favors with which you have already overburdened me, you might take this hat and coat and hang them where their wetness will do no damage. Ah, thank you. What is home without a mother in-law?"

As Mrs. Burnham took the dripping garments she gave the handsome Mr. Tully a look which was anything but friendly, and made her exit with the remark: "Be careful to keep your muddy boots away from that dress, Mr. Smart Aleck."

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear madam, I have been in the neighborhood of ball dresses before, and am not in the habit of wrapping my feet up in a train; however, to calm your professional fears I will remove my rubbers. If I had time to stay I would borrow a pair of your slippers and spend the evening family style."

Without further noticing the angry look Mrs. Burnham gave him as she left the room, Tully turned to Cora who was sitting on the piano stool, the bright expectancy in her face having given place to sadness and disappointment. Tully saw the change, but resisted the impulse to cheer her by compliments and caresses. Sitting astride of a chair with his elbows on the back of it, he examined her critically and remarked, "You are looking exceedingly well in your borrowed plumage, Cora, but as you sent for me on important business, you will excuse me if I don't go into raptures until after I hear what you have to say."

An angry flush swept up the lovely neck into the chagrined face of the girl, and a look flashed in her dark eyes which Mr. Tully could not remember to have noticed there before.

"I suppose you think," she began with a metallic ring in her voice, "that this was only a trick to get you up here and show myself off."

"I confess that it did strike me somewhat in that light, but you can easily disabuse my mind of the suspicion by imparting whatever information you have to give."

"And if I fail to impart any information," she inquired, sarcastically, "you will consider that you have been tricked?"

"I admit that I will so consider," assented Tully, still more, frigidly.

"And you won't feel that you have been rewarded for your walk by seeing me dressed at all?"

"No, my dear Cora, as I see you every day I freely confess that I am not entirely prepared to make pilgrimages through the rain to gaze on you in the evening."

"Then, Mr. Tully, you can consider yourself tricked, for I have nothing to tell you except that I know you to be an unprincipled and a utterly selfish man. I have tried to make my self believe that you loved me," at this point a tremor crept into her voice, "but only for an instant, "now I feel certain that you are only making a tool of me and I can tell you right now you can't do it any more."

Tully maintained his easy attitude but his face betrayed his astonishment. "So my fair Cora, as your mother isn't here to do it you are going to take a tantrum yourself, are you?"

"Yes, and it will be a tantrum you won't forget, Mr. Tully. You can devote yourself to Miss Browning hereafter without any fear that I will make any claim on your attention."

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Tully with a sardonic grin, "and why Miss Browning, pray?"

"Because you are trying to get her to marry you."

"Indeed."

"Yes, indeed. She is rich and aristocratic and when Mr. King died you made up your mind to drop me and marry her. That was the meaning of the talk you gave me in the park, and I can see it as the reason for everything you have done since."

"This is an attack of jealousy then is it, my fair Cora," laughed Tully very unpleasantly. "Who has been putting these ideas into your head?"

"Would you like very much to know, Mr. Tully?" retorted Cora her tone growing still more biting.

"Not particularly," answered Tully flippantly, "only it would be a little satisfaction to know who is paying so much attention to my business and yours."

"Then I can tell you, it was Mr. Killick."

"Ah! Mr. Killick, eh? So this is what you had to tell me about my partner."

"No, this is not what I had to tell you about your partner, but I thought it would be pleasant for you to hear this much as an indication of the way things are going."

"Oh, indeed. How are things going, pray?" Mr. Tully's tone betrayed an awakening interest.

"Find out for yourself, Stephen Tully. You can look to me for neither information nor assistance."

"Then, Miss Burnhan, I think the sooner your engagement with our firm terminates, the better."

"I don't depend on you for my situation and I would have you know that I can stay where I am as long as Mr. Killick says so."

"You can, eh?" ejaculated Tully, his voice strident with angry astonishment.

"Yes! I can, and what is more I intend to stay," Cora announced triumphantly.

"Has Mr. Killick assured you of this?"

"No," answered Cora flatly, "but I know too much about you to take any dismissal from you, and Killick is too anxious to keep control of you to send me away unless he has some personal reason."

Tully was but half convinced that Killick had not been plotting with their bookkeeper, but he was well aware that Cora understood the use she could make of her power over him.

"So you intend to make love to Killick instead of me. I wish you luck. You think I haven't used you well, but when Killick gets through with you, you will think I am an angel," said Tully, half inclined to attempt a reconciliation.

"I know and hate Killick, but he will never be able to use me as badly as you have done. I wouldn't have been such a fool, only I loved you and thought you loved me. I have found out my mistake and I sha'n't love anyone hereafter but myself and then I won't be any man's dupe."

"Cora," whispered Tully, coaxingly, "you are jealous or you would doubt my love for me. Why should you fly into a rage because I come in feeling cross and snappy? I have had a hard siege of it to-day and the weather and everything else seemed to conspire against me. Don't you think you might have let me exercise a man's prerogative and make all the row there is necessary? I know I disappointed you, that you expected me to admire you and say pretty things, but Cora, I was really in such an ugly temper that I could not. Forgive me, won't you?"

Rising from the chair he pushed it from him and advanced towards her with extended hands, but Stephen Tully had mistaken her mood, she resolutely held her hands behind her, and though a flush crept into her face there was no other sign of softening.

"It is too late, Stephen Tully. I have said things to-night which would forever estrange us, even if you were not already estranged."

"Pshaw, Cora, I don't mind your silly little threats. I make them myself too often to think of them twice. I know I have treated you badly, and deserve everything you have said and I confess I like you all the better for having seen your spirit."

The flush had grown deeper on Cora's handsome cheeks, but the full red lips were drawn tightly together and the black eyes were hard and bright. "No, Stephen Tully," said she, and her voice though unsteady betrayed no waver-ing, "I have made up my mind and your blandishments can't change it. You thought I was your slave and treated me like one. From now until the time you marry me you will be the slave and I will handle the whip just to give you a chance to see how you like it. Until I know that you are going to marry someone else I won't do anything against you or to help Killick, but as soon as you marry anyone but me you can expect the worst that a woman can do whose love has been scorned and turned into hate."

While he listened to her Stephen Tully bit his mustache, pushed his rejected hands into his pockets, and in several other ways betrayed unusual embarrassment. His first impulse was to turn on his heel and leave the room, but he feared to further excite Cora's resentment. He felt that it would be advisable to adopt the opposite course and by kisses and caresses win her back to her old self, but there was something in her look and voice which forbade the none too respectful endearments of which he had once been so lavish. Her pride had been offended, and her resentment gave her a dignity which excited his respect, and then, too, in her handsome evening dress she was beautiful and had the bearing of a lady.

"Cora, you absolutely stagger me. Your righteous indignation has fixed me to the floor, and I don't know whether to advance or retreat. I confess I feel most like running away. That outraged look of yours is enough to keep a man awake nights. Soften down a little, Cora, and grant me the forgiveness I don't deserve and let us be happy again."

"Happy, happy, did you say?" she exclaimed as she pushed away the arm with which he was trying to encircle her waist. "Happy! You have never made me happy, except with the hope that I thought that you loved me. Happy! Only for an hour—the hour after I lent you that money when you tried to pay the debt by lying to me about the love you never had. I know you too well now to be made happy by words which you don't mean."

"But Cora, do you think you will be happier without me?"

"No, I don't expect to be happy; I expect to be miserable, but I will find something else to fill my mind with."

"Cora," he whispered again, with a last effort, "I do love you, never so much as tonight. Forgive me, darling, let us kiss and make up." He caught her in his arms but she, unable to release herself, averted her face, and, motionless as marble, received without response the kisses he pressed upon her cheek.

"Cora, is this to be my answer?" he entreated.

"Yes—or rather there is no answer," came slowly from her inclined and averted face.

"Won't you even kiss me good-bye?" he asked, loath to be driven away without some sign that she was forgiven.

"No, for it is not good-bye," she answered, and by a sudden movement she freed herself from his embrace and stood with flashing eyes facing the man to whom she had long yielded so meekly. "The most of our acquaintance is still to come, Stephen Tully. There will be many meetings and partings before you will be able to say good bye to me. I shall be passive, as I was in your arms just now, until time has proved that you have never loved me and until your marriage with another makes hope for the fulfilment of your promise to me no longer possible."

"Cora," cried Tully, endeavoring to resume his old bantering tone, "you have been filling your head with novels, and there have been so many scenes in the house between your mother and me that you seem de'ermined to dramatize the rest of the chap'er with yourself in the title roll of Queen of Tragedy. Drop it, for it will end disastrously, and I am in no humor to play hero in any private theatricals."

"No," interrupted Cora, bitterly, "stage villain is more in your line."

"Well, then, stage villain," he retorted. "Unless you are reasonable I will quit the troupe and refuse to make any more appearances."

"Don't forget, Mr. Tully," answered Cora, with a steady self-possession which put Tully quite in awe of her, "that you can't disappear from the scene quite so easily, and another thing, don't go away with the idea that I had planned a scene! I confess I put on this dress, not so much that mamma could fit it as to appear to the best advantage in your eyes. At one time my efforts to look my best didn't strike you as ridiculous. They do now. Mamma has often told me that you were playing me false, but I never believed it until I saw the sneer on your face when you came in to-night. While you quarrelled with mamma and treated her like a servant I made up my mind that the farce was over." Her voice trembled, and the flush crept back to her cheeks. "It has been a farce to you, but, sneer as you may, it has been a tragedy to me—

"You are making all the tragedy yourself, Cora," answered Tully, endeavoring to be cheerful, but feeling keenly the sting of her reproaches.

"No, Steve Tully, I am making no 'tragedy.' Perhaps in the past my ambition to be something better than an office drudge led me to an ambition which has brought misery and humiliation, but it is you who have brought desolation to my life——" She paused and looked at him. The flush deepened on neck and cheek and brow, and then slowly receded, leaving in its stead an ashy pallor—"and something, Steve Tully, very much like hate."

The handsome Mr. Tully dropped his eyes before her fixed gaze, and with a sudden loss of the self possession which had served him in many such a cri is, he turned uneasily, grasped the back of a chair, which, yielding to his weight, tipped backward. Recovering from his loss of balance, he resumed his old posture astride the seat with his elbows resting on the back.

"Really Cora," he stammered, "I believe you missed your avocation. You would have been a brilliant success in the tragedy line. As Warren Hastings remarked when listening to the oration of Edmund Burke, I feel like the wickedest man alive. I suppose there is nothing I can say which will palliate my offence or mitigate the sentence you have pronounced. But you wrong me when you say I never loved you. I did, I *do*," he protested, "but the conduct of your mother is always insisting upon our marriage when it would have been professional suicide, made me include you with her in a scheme to entrap me——"

"That won't work now, Steve Tully. It has been tried too often and I am ashamed to say with success. I have blamed poor mamma too often for your short-comings and you have tried your best to make me dislike her as the cause of your coldness, but it is all over."

"Oh, I s'y," sneered Tully, irritated by his failure. "What is all over? Your conspiracy with your sweet-tempered mother to make me marry you whether I would or not? You never cared for me or you never would have made this sudden change."

"It makes no difference how you sneer at me or mamma. The future will be just the same. You know you tell a falsehood when you say that I never cared for you. It would be an untruth if I said that I do not care for you now, for I do, and will, until love turns to hate, but I am not going to be a fool any longer, and especially I am not to be the fool of a man who has treated me as you have. I will go and get your coat and this 'scene' which is so disagreeable to you need not be prolonged any further."

Catching up her train with a quick motion which would have done credit to the belle of half-a-dozen seasons, she swept past him to the door and met her mother so suddenly, that in a suspicious mind it might have given rise to the idea that the old lady had been listening.

"Mamma," she cried in a choking whisper, "bring Mr. Tully's coat and hat, please."

While her mother was absent on her errand Cora leaned against the narrow door jamb to watch the angry Mr. Tully putting on his rubbers. As he rose from his stooping position his face red and angry, he exclaimed, "You have found it easier, Miss Burnham, to play the grand lady with me to-night than you will to morrow, and if your tenure of office is somewhat brief you can thank yourself for the change. Killick's schemes are too large to permit a rupture for such a trifling matter as the bookkeeper, and I think you will find you have over-estimated your strength."

"Perhaps I have," she answered wearily, "but I won't starve even if I have to leave."

"You will have to leave all right, my Lady Disdainful, don't make any error about that," retorted Tully hotly.

"We will see, Mr. Tully. The matter needn't be discussed further till to-morrow."

She did not change her posture while he was enveloping himself in his mackintosh, nor did her face betray any emotion when he made his ironical bow and wished her good-night and happy dreams. Mrs. Burnham, however, could not refrain from the remark, "Well, Mr. Tully, you see the worm has turned, now you can look out for yourself."

"Yes," he laughed bitterly, "it has been a wormy business all through and I am glad to be out of it, and the greatest pleasure of all will be to be relieved of any further necessity of concealing my opinion that you are a scheming, miserable old hag. Good night."

As Mr. Tully ran rapidly down the stair Mrs. Burnham was remarking in a shrill treble that she might be all he said and not be an embezzler or a thief.

The door slammed behind him and Cora with a pitiful cry fell forward into her mother's arms.

"Now don't faint; for heaven's sake, don't faint! Keep up your spirits, child; and come and get that dress off. Don't fall down in it and get it full of creases. Poor little thing! Didn't I tell you what a villian he is? She led her daughter into the parlor and quickly stripped off the borrowed finery, even the material to which refusing to enter into any sympathy with the weeping girl until her professional fear that the dress would be injured had been removed. After the white satin had been tossed on the old-fashioned piano, the mother sat for hours stroking the hair of her darling and patting the soft, bare arms, as she would have comforted a baby, telling her all the while that she was well rid of that villain Tully, and that she might now have a chance to make some new and more fortunate engagement.

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto, and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

A Paradise on Earth.

Mr. Prantl, a follower of Dr. Teed of Chicago, says the *Mail* of that city, proposes that 6,000 families, or 30,000 people, go out somewhere in the boundless West, where land is free for nothing, and found a city which shall be different from any other cities the world has ever seen. Each family will take up 100 acres of Government land, making nearly 100,000 acres altogether, and divide the real estate, forest, mineral and all the natural wealth among them. The location of the city will at once be worth $15,000,000. The land around the city will be worth $10 an acre, or $9,600,000, and the common wealth of the community will be $24,600,000, or about $4,000 to each family.

"Settling land in co-operation," says Mr. Prantl, "is tenfold cheaper than settling it individually. By co-operation we create centers of population at once. A city can be built for 300,000 and the principal necessaries of life can be manufactured for 30,000 people, provided all work is done by co-operation. I propose the issuing of interest-bearing bonds to the members of the co-operative society first and outside stockholders second, with the $24,000,000 real estate property as security.

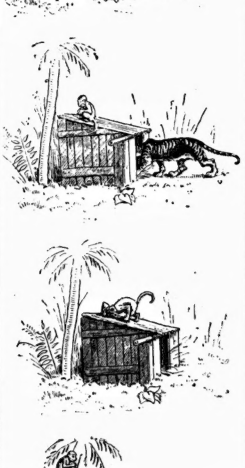
"A civic and social condition in which human life may develop and blossom into the highest physical, moral and mental perfection is of paramount importance. The community should provide and possess all possible means for the development of each limb, muscle, nerve, organ and function of the body. Stone, wood, cotton and silk manufactures are good enough for the heathen, but our efforts shall go to the true architecture of the mind, soul and body.

"The first requisite for a city such as I have in mind is a pure, invigorating air—a high altitude where the air is never stagnant, but always breezy and changing. A high location affords at the same time effective draining for liquid impurities. Instead of smoke, dust and sewer gas and other pestilential elements which find a place in our atmosphere we must insist upon its purity and saturate it with the fragrance of flowers, plants, grasses and desirable trees, and cool and moisten it with fountains of living water. Instead of rattling wagons and the noise of tramping horses, cars and railroads, we need quiet, to give natural rest to our nerves, with only a few singing birds to give music for our babes.

"We want a tower full of chiming bells which shall ring out at morning, noon and evening an inspiring tune to cheer, divert and raise our minds and souls to that happier and higher life."

This beautiful state of affairs could easily be brought about, so Mr. Prantl claims, by co-operation. Instead of having a bakery, laundry and kitchen in each family, everything would be bought and prepared on the wholesale plan. By the present system the buying and preparation of food in families costs two cents per pound. In his city of co-operation it would cost but one-seventh of a cent per pound. Cracker boxes, he says, can make 120 different kinds of crackers, biscuits and cakes. Thus every possible taste would be suited. These people who would not be satisfied with cake could have fruits from California or Italy at wholesale.

A Short Interview.



He Was Born a Colonel.

"Bishop" Oberly, of the Civil Service Commission, has a theory of the way the military titles are got by the Southerners. Some years ago, when Colonel Oberly was a member of the Illinois Legislature, there was among his colleagues an Egyptian, who was known as Colonel Ghilson. The military member was every inch a soldier—in looks. He weighed 300 pounds and had more than the usual amount of the fat man's pomposity. One day Mr. Oberly casually introduced to Colonel Ghilson a person who was anxious to have his help on some pending bill. The seeker after legislation was very deferential, and at once began to pour on some of the oil of flattery. The talk ran something in this wise:—

"Colonel, do I understand Mr. Oberly to say? Then I suppose, Colonel Ghilson, you probably commanded a regiment in the late war?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, I presume then it must have been in the Mexican war. You were pretty young for so responsible a command, weren't you?"

"Young, sir! Never been in Mexico in my life."

"Oh, I see now. You belong to the State militia. Fine body of men they are, too."

"No, sir; not at all, sir. I have nothing to do with the militia."

"Perhaps you are on the Governor's staff?"

"No, sir."

"Then, Colonel, might I ask where you got your title?"

"I was born a colonel. I'm from Kentucky."

A Good Reason.

"Boy," he said as he made change for his paper, "why don't you wash your face? Nobody would recognize you with a clean face."

"That's the case in a nutshell," replied the boy. "I've got money lent out to ten different boys, and if I should wash my face they'd jump them debts quicker'n a streak of lightning.

Willing to Abate Profits.

"If this is really a five dollar pair of pants," said Mike Dorsey, dubiously, "I don't see how you can afford to sell them for ninety-eight cents!"

"Ah, mein frient," replied Abrahams, "dot is part of de value of a wholesaler vo has been by the free-wool idea, und he is willing to sell them at the actual cost of manufacture!"

An Unintended Witticism.

Mrs. Raver—Say, George, now really and truly, what do you think of the Amelie Rives style of novels? Do you think they will have a long life?

Mr. Raver (deeply interested in a tariff article, and without looking up)—No; and the quicker the dead, the better.

Keeley's Secret.

Jinks—Do you suppose the courts have the power to make Mr. Keeley divulge the secret of his motor?

Blinks—Of course not. It is a thoroughly sustained principle of common law that no man can be compelled to perform impossibilities.

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G. P. SHARPE.

Strangely Fulfilled.

I was spending a few weeks during the spring of the year 18— with my old friend and school-fellow, Harry Temple, ere his departure for China, at his father's house in Berkshire—a queer old rambling sort of place, which had been in the family for many generations. The place was far too cheerful looking inside to be troubled by ghosts, nevertheless there was a legend to the effect that it had once had a mysterious and unaccountable, if not ghostly visitant.

It appears that about the middle of the last century, Oakhurst (the name of the Temples' house) was owned and inhabited by a certain Geoffrey Temple and his sister Lucy. They were both unmarried, and doted to each other; but owing to Geoffrey having engaged in some disastrous speculation, money became scarce, and he accepted an appointment in India, in the hope of recruiting his shattered fortunes. On the eve of his departure they each took a solemn vow that whoever died first should appear to the other at the very hour and moment of his or her death. It was a strange idea, but through living so much alone their minds had become imbued with odd and morbid fancies. Three years passed away, and Lucy had heard from her brother but seldom and irregularly, for he was in an up-country station, and communication with the large seaport towns was difficult.

One night as she was sitting in her bedroom, reading, before retiring to rest, she heard her door open, and on looking up saw her brother standing there, but looking wofully thin and pale, and somewhat sad. She uttered a cry and sprang towards him, but before she had got half across the room the door closed again softly, and he had disappeared.

Six months afterwards she received a letter from a firm of solicitors in Bombay, informing her of the death of her brother, of jungle fever, on August 15, 1769, the very day on which he had appeared to her at her bedroom door. The hour was not given.

Both Harry Temple and I were firmly convinced of the truth of this legend; indeed, he was always rather given to a belief in the supernatural, even at school, where, many a time at night, even in our dormitory, I have listened with bated breath to his marvellous tales, until my hair has stood on end with fright. I was not therefore very much surprised when, the day before his departure to China, he called me into his room as I was passing, and said in a mysterious sort of manner, "Jack, old fellow, I've been wanting to speak to you on a certain subject for some days past, but could never quite make up my mind to do so, as I was half afraid you might treat what I am about to propose with ridicule." Here he paused and looked at me as though hesitating how to go on.

"Dear old boy, if I can be of any service to you in any way whatever, you know you've only to command me," I replied. "Moreover, it's not at all likely I should treat any proposition you make with ridicule—that is if you are serious yourself. What is it you want me to do?"

"You know that old legend of our family," he continued, "about the compact between Geoffrey Temple and his sister? Well, I should like to make the same sort of compact with you, before I start. I have no sister; even if I had I should not care to enter into such an agreement with her, as every woman is not possessed of such strong nerves as my fair ancestress, glancing up at a portrait in oils of Lucy Temple, which hung over his mantelpiece. "I daresay you think me very absurd, but somehow the fancy has got possession of me. Now you are the oldest and best chum I have, will you agree to —to——"

"The compact! You need not go into any explanation, dear boy, as I have heard the legend over and over again from you and others. I understand fully what it is. But why enter into such an agreement at all? In these days of steam and electricity each one can hear fast enough of the other's death, without the necessity of making such a long journey in such a remarkably short space of time; besides the discomfort of traveling without a body, and——"

"Don't chaff, Jack," interrupted Harry, looking very serious; "I am really in earnest. Do you consent?"

"Since you really wish it, old fellow—I consent."

Standing beneath the portrait of the woman who had registered a similar vow a hundred years before, Harry Temple and I clasped hands and vowed that whoever died first should appear to the other, wearing the same aspect as at the moment of his death.

The following day I traveled to London with my old chum and saw him off on board the steamship Sumatra, bound out to Hong Kong.

Four years had gone by since Harry Temple's departure, and in the meantime I had married and settled down in a pretty little villa at Sutton, in Surrey. We had corresponded with tolerable regularity, and in the last letter I had from him he said he was getting rather tired of China and intended to return to England at an early date.

I had not forgotten the "compact," though I was pleased to think it was not likely to be fulfilled, as Harry was coming home so soon, and I had not had a day's illness for years. I had taken some of my neighbors into my confidence on the subject, but I must confess they regarded me as a queer sort of fellow, and chaffed me mildly about it occasionally; and I have since had reason to believe talked a good deal on the question among themselves.

One boisterous night towards the end of March, I was about retiring to rest, rather later than usual, when I suddenly remembered that I had left some important private papers on the table in the drawing-room. As I did not wish to leave them there exposed to the prying gaze of the servants when they came down in the morning, I nastily donned my dressing-gown and slippers, and went down stairs to fetch them.

It was a wild and stormy night, the wind whistled and shrieked among the leafless trees and the rain came down in torrents. Sometimes there would be a lull for a few moments, and the air at those times seemed full of moaning noise; then the gale would burst forth again with redoubled fury, and whirl and dash the raindrops against the window-panes with such violence that I involuntarily drew back half expecting the glass to break. I pulled the blind and looked out into the darkness. I could just discern a row of elms in an adjoining field; they looked dim and weird against the leaden sky, and at every fresh gust of wind, they bent and swayed and seemed to wave and toss their arms, as though in despair of being able to stand against the howling storm. I stood, I should think, about ten minutes looking out of the window, and then somehow my thoughts went back to the evening when Harry Temple and I had entered into our strange agreement.

I wondered whether such things could be, and by what effort of will, or otherwise, a person on his or her deathbed could appear to another thousands of miles away. As I mused thus, I fancied I heard a slight noise near the door, and turned sharply round. The door was being slowly opened, and presently the figure of a man appeared within the entrance. My heart gave a bound, and then stood still.

The fire had not quite gone out, and by its flickering light I could see his face. It was the face of Harry Temple. He was deathly pale, and there was a strange, half-frightened look in his eyes, but still there was no mistaking it. We stood regarding each other fixedly for a few moments, and then I gained a little courage, and stepping forward hesitatingly said.

"Why, Harry, old fellow, how did you——"

But he held out his hand, as though to keep me back, and then with a mournful gesture pointed upwards.

I stood rooted to the spot. The next moment the door closed, and I was alone.

I did not dare to follow, but sank down into an easy chair by the fire. The compact was fulfilled. The spirit of my dear old chum, Harry, had appeared to me, no doubt, at the very moment of his death, as we had agreed. How was I to break the news to his aged father and mother? Would they believe me? Perhaps it would be better for me not to say a word on the subject, but await the arrival of the mail. Someone would be sure to write at once to his friends, notifying them of his decease. I sat and thought the matter over and over again until the fire went out, and I began to shiver with the cold. I then went to bed, but it was not until I heard the clock of a neighboring church strike six that I managed to doze.

It seemed to me that I had not been to sleep more than five minutes, when I was disturbed by a confusion of voices and a knocking at the bed-room door. My wife was up and held a piece of dirty, crumpled paper in her hand, which she was looking at in a dazed sort of way.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed in an excited manner, "the house has been broken into, and Sarah found this on the kitchen table when she went down. I can't make it out; I suppose one of the thieves left it there. I don't know what has been taken."

I snatched the piece of crumpled paper out of her hand, and read these words, scrawled on it in lead pencil:

"Dear Sir,—Next time you arrange for a friend to visit you when he dies, don't talk too much about it to your neighbors. Faces can be made up to represent anybody, and photos can be bought. It's no use troubling after the swag; best to keep dark, or you'll be laughed at."

He was a facetious burglar.

On going over the house I found that plate and money to the value of £70 had been stolen. It was never traced, nor was the thief ever caught.

About a month after that eventful night Harry Temple landed in England, well and hearty. He called to see me a few days after his arrival, and when I told him of the affair was hard-hearted enough to roar with laughter.

"I am sorry, old fellow," he said, "that my foolish fancy should have been in some degree the cause of your loss; but we must all pay for experience. Traveling has knocked a lot of nonsense out of me, and I've grown wiser as I've grown older. I don't believe that story of my ancestor and his sister Lucy. Anyhow I think you'll agree with me that, when I leave England again, we will not renew our compact."

It was a bit rough on me nevertheless.

An Unexpected Dispensation.

Donavan (in the basement)—It's sorry Oi am, Kathie, we hev nothin' but cor-r-rn bafe fer th' chilibration av our weddin' anniversary!—

Sandy Hooke (on the street)—Wal, b' gosh! I'll strap them crates on, m' self, next time!

Donavan—Av this ain't a spicial dishpinsation av Providence, Oi'm a Nort' County adamahoun!—*Puck.*

The "Arizona Kicker."

We cull the following from the last issue of the *Arizona Kicker*:

"Our Circulation.—There are newspapers which do more blowing about their circulation than we do, and there may be a few who add more subscribers in a single week, but the *Kicker* gets there just the same. We began on a circulation of two (2) copies, one of which we carried about in our own pocket, and the other went as a deadhead to the postmaster. We now work 198 copies, which are paid for in advance. This is an increase of 94,000 per cent. in seven months, and we've got a dollar which says no other newspaper in the world can equal it.

"We don't claim that the *Kicker* makes kings and emperors tremble on their thrones, or that it has bettered the moral standing of the American masses a thousand per cent., but we do know that we have made life worth the living for a good many people out this way who were ready to hang themselves when our first number was issued, and that every new subscriber who comes has faith that we will make a better man of him."

"Our Excuse.—We have been severely criticised because we refused to attend the funeral of old Pete Shinly, who died on the street of too much whisky one night last week. It is claimed that Old Pete was our creditor in the sum of $12, and that it was shabby in us not too see him planted.

"In the first place Old Pete owed us $2 borrowed money, instead of our owing him. In the next our Sunday pantaloons needed a patch about four feet square at the end opposite the boy, and we did not care to subject ourselves to ridicule for the sake of showing off. We can keep our back behind us in our own office until better times arrive, and that's what we intend to do. We have sent to San Francisco for a patch the color of our pantaloons, and when it arrives and we put on to the spot Richard will be himself again, and ready to rustle at funerals or address a public meeting on the topics of the day."

"Must Take Their Chance.—Three times during the last month we have surprised ourselves and the public by mopping the floor with assailants, while on two occasions we have ignominiously took to flight. We state it as a physiological fact that there are times when we had as lief fight a dozen men, and other times when we'd run from a good-sized boy. Parties planning to lick us must be prepared to take their chances. We may fight like a lion or run like a jack-rabbit."

The Colonel Has Gone.—Tony society pretended to be all upset last week because Col. DeClaire was arrested for a horse thief and taken to Nebraska to stand trial. It was only a pretense. We have known for months past that the colonel was a beat and an impostor, and many others have known it. He sent us an order for a new hat as soon as he arrived here, and thus put us under obligations not to give him away. The hat grew old and rusty after a time, and as the colonel didn't come in with a cash subscription we felt that we had given him rope enough. We just dropped a hint to the sheriff of Henry County, and a week later the colonel had the lions on.

"We are alone every evening after six. We can't be bribed, but there are parties in this town who had best come in and subscribe for copies to send to friends. Our terms are $2 per year—strictly in advance."

"Not on Him.—There are no flies on J. M. P. Brayton, Esq., who owns that beautiful ranch commonly known as Jackass Dell. He entered our office the other day and left a peck of potatoes of his own raising. His wife is one of the handsomest women in the west, his daughter the finest singer and musician, and the gentleman himself ought to be President of the United States. It is to such go-ahead, enterprising men as Mr. Brayton that Arizona is indebted for her prosperity. We call attention to the two-column ad., which we have inserted free, of the fact that Jackass Dell is for sale at $10 an acre. It's worth five times that."

All at Sea.

Beechnor—Not ready yet, Tommy?
Grosfut—I think I'll not go, Jim.
Beechnor—Why?
Grosfut—Just t-think? I've lawst the iron t-tip off one of my s-shoe-strings.

For Cause.

Chicago Wife—Your honor, I want a divorce for desertion.
Judge—What are the facts?
Chicago Wife—My husband is a detective, and he left me last night saying he would not come back until he had found Tascott.
Judge—Divorce granted. Next!

Taking the Bull by the Horns.

Tommy (anticipating things)—I wasn't at school yesterday, Miss Bangs.
His Teacher (severely)—No; you were not.
Tommy (decisively)—Miss Bangs, I've got to turn over a new leaf or get into trouble.

There is one social dishonor which no one thinks it worth while to say much of in reprobation, but which does more harm than any other known to us—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances, not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential if, haply, a high sense of honor were the rule.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in speaking their mind. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it; when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Force of Habit at the Baseball Reception.

Captain—It gives me great pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, to—

—Ginger! I couldn't let that one go by!—*Puck.*

Wraps, Ulsters, Costumes, and Millinery

THIS DEPARTMENT AS INTERESTING AS EVER---The new supply of Ulsters has given a fresh impetus to the trade, and all hands are in a chronic state of "hustle." The gaps in the small sizes have all been filled, the lot containing a large number of 34, 36 and 38 inch sizes

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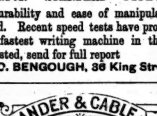

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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Short-coating the Baby.

Six months old to-day, and look at him! Isn't he a stunner? Fresh and rosy, his little lordship looks the picture of lusty babyhood, after his morning bath on this the day his first half-mile has been passed on the highway of life. Discarded now the lengthened robes of the past six months, but not unhonored, for loving hands have carefully folded the precious relics away in "baby's drawer," and the tender little mother, with a sigh, as the thought crosses her heart, realizes that baby belongs less wholly to her, and more to the world than he did but yesterday. Bless the little man! He seems to realize that a marked advance has been made in his career, the evidence of which is seen in the increased vigor afforded his lusty young limbs by the freedom of his newer surroundings. Isn't it fun to watch him bubble, and splutter, and crow, and kick, just for all the world as if life was a mighty fine thing after all, and he not one of the least important beings in it. Neither has he, for the whole household are the slaves of his beck and call, and, to do him justice, he takes every advantage which the situation affords. The author of his existence may be a mighty fine fellow abroad, but even he is hugely content with playing second violin where this bundle of short-coated humanity sways the sceptre of home-rule.

A Mother's Letters.

A curious package is this treasured correspondence of the byegone years. From the faded ribbon which holds it together down to the wafered sheet of a departed generation, a halo of tender memories encircles it.

Alas! she who penned this gathered sweetness of words has long since passed away to a fairer land than this. But around her name there still lingers a memory of one of the gentlest and best of God's creatures, and, to strengthen that memory if need be, there is this little package of time-discolored letters.

Not to one only—be sure of that—are all these lines addressed. Nay! her range of love and tender interest in humanity were wider than this.

That old-fashioned sheet with the sealed wafer of forty years ago contains the seemly admission of a tender interest in the father of him who, with a moistened vision, peruses this dear token of a sainted mother's maiden love. Another page is mutely eloquent of her ceaseless interest in the cause of suffering—not the passing carelessness of a Lady Bountiful, but the enduring effort of one who has been early softened and chastened by a deep personal sorrow. There are letters here addressed to the brothers and sisters who once prattled and played with him who reads, and who are now restored to her in Paradise.

And he—the lonely survivor of that happy home group is—oh, be assured! none the less a man and a brother because of the tears that are now beyond control as he reads once more those words of tender Christian counsel and soft endearment to her own loved boy which we all have read in "A Mother's Letters."

Keep Out of Debt.

Keep out of debt, young man, and delude not yourself for one moment with the idea that the man who dresses in the height of fashion and indulges in divers dissipations on an income far smaller than your own, has such a pleasant time of it after all. Depend upon it, the public and yourself are only permitted to gaze on the brighter side of the picture. Your coat may have an unfashionable wrinkle where his has none; the cut of your trousers may be a year behind the mode, whilst his are in the latest style of Pall Mall or Broadway, yet there are still a few satisfactory points to be scored in your favor.

If the truth of the matter was known, he is just at this moment envying you the peace of mind you enjoy from the fact that your tailor's last bill is properly receipted and on your file. Not that the mere fact of being in debt bothers him, for it doesn't in the slightest degree. It is only the annoying consequences which disturb his serenity, and cause him fervently to ejaculate, "Would to Heaven that rascal Snip's bill was paid!"

Perfect independence is yours, if the garb of fashion is not, and you carry the impress of the former in your bearing. But there are streets in this city that are fearfully shunned by him—as though the mark of the plague were upon them. In these streets are sad-eyed, long-enduring creditors, whose appearance he dreads even as the "untainted' dread the approach of the "afflicted" in leprous communities.

The passing years add to his humiliations, until at last, when further credit is denied, he degenerates into shabby gentility, or suddenly departs for greener fields and pastures new, leaving behind the deep and muttered execrations of trusting but unpaid tradespeople. Keep out of debt, young man.

It is generally the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish.

The man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness in his life than can any outside enemy.

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society is one of the foremost philanthropic concerns in the city, and has for years had the reputation of giving the best concerts of those presented by the national societies. This reputation was well borne out by the event of Friday evening which was of a high standard. The funny part of the concert, though, was that there was not an Irish song, or a piece with the slightest shade of Irish color on the programme. This made the evening a trifle wearisome to those of the audience who came loaded up with patriotism, still there was a rare musical treat for the audience. The Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, though a new organization, plays well together, and has an admirable ensemble. The members are all good players, and they have an excellent conception of that self-abnegation which makes a player sink his solo powers out of sight, and look upon himself as only a part of the whole. In this respect particularly, the club deserves 'the highest praise.

*

Its rendering of the allegro from Krug's Serenade, and of the Moszkowski Serenade was very good, but the peculiar rhythm of the Hungarian Dance, which closed the programme, was a little more than its limited ensemble practice had enabled the club to master. Universal regret was expressed that the programme had not contained more numbers for the club. The soloists in the club are all good. Mons. Burose is a good flautist, and played his solo well, but while comparisons are sometimes invidious, I feel constrained to say that our own little Arlidge pleases me better as a soloist, though the stranger excels in the full playing of the club. Herr Philip Roth has a very fine cello, and plays with a more than usually fine, broad tone, and with considerable resources of expression. Mr. Willis Mowell has considerable elegance of delivery and a good, round tone as a violinist.

*

The interest in the vocalists centered in Miss Winant and Mr. Babcock. Miss Cushing was a pleasing adjunct to the programme, but showed a certain forced quality in the middle register, which detracted from the excellence of her performance. Miss Winant sang gloriously, her rendering of Cowen's Children's Home being a rare gem. In the light and fanciful encore songs she did not show to such advantage, as her voice and manner are rather too ponderous for them. Mr. Babcock was excellent in his songs, the only drawback to his singing being an occasional tendency to flatten in pitch. But the big, magnificent voice was there the same as ever.

*

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club is very like the boy's knife, in which the only original part was the handle, the blades having all been renewed from time to time. In this case the handle is Mr. Thomas Ryan, who alone remains of all those who have been in this organization. The new material is excellent, and the club is better than it has been for fifteen years. It played in the Permanent Exhibition and scored a success. Its ensemble playing is superb, and its solo talent is good.

*

The violinist, Herr Obliger, is a fine executant, with a clear, sweet tone, and he plays with thorough artistic feeling and expression, while the cellist, Herr Hekking, executes the most difficult passages without taking the public into his confidence as to their difficulty. A beautiful soft velled tone is his chief characteristic. He gave a most sympathetic rendering of Schumann's Traeumerei. Miss Ryan has improved in method and style since her sojourn in Paris, but still lacks the indefinable something which distinguishes the musician from the mere performer. Probably she will acquire this with time and experience. I am glad to note that the Mendelssohns will play again to-night.

*

Some changes have taken place among the choristers in Toronto. Miss Bunton, whose singing at the Choral Society's last concert found many admirers, will be the leading soprano of Elm street choir, and Mr. C. W. Coleman having resigned at the Church of the Redeemer, Mr. J. H. Dennison has been engaged to take his place. METRONOME.

La Grisette.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said, "We meet again"—
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latent image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
Oh, had we met again!

I walked where saints and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and waves were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Pere-la-Chaise!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"Starring on the reputation of her dresses, her beauty, and lastly her acting capacity (with the accent on *lastly* an' you please)" was the dictum of the play-going public on its way down town last Monday night to see 'Twixt Axe and Crown with Mrs. Potter in the leading role as the Lady Elizabeth.

*

Everyone was surprised, and agreeably so, at the unexpected powers developed by this latest of the great "society" actresses. Every one expected the loveliest costumes, and a handsome woman—nor was there any disappointment on that score—but more than this was not expected, and the week's visit of Mrs. Potter is another proof that it is the unexpected which usually happens.

*

Briefly put, the verdict of the home-returning public was that the new actress' beauty, her costumes, and her playing are three admirably blended qualities, which with hard work and time will place her in the front rank of her profession.

*

What Mrs. Langtry is to-day I am unable to speak of as I have not seen her for three years, but I know what she was as an actress when her stage experience was older than is Mrs. Potter's at the present time, and I have no hesitation in saying that, taking experience into consideration, the latter is infinitely the superior of the two.

*

As Lady Elizabeth, Mrs. Potter's height and her aquiline type of beauty were entirely in keeping with the character she had assumed. All the Tudor's stubbornness, the Tudor's capacity for gauging the popular feeling, and the Tudor's undoubted regard for the glory of Old England were laid hold of, and portrayed by Mrs. Potter with singular fidelity.

*

But the new star has not, by any means, reached perfection, and her friends would do her a grievous wrong in claiming perfection for her. Her voice, at present, loses by comparison with the Langtry,—but every one knows what voice culture is capable of. Then, too, Mrs. Potter has a weakness that is common to many women with very fine eyes (and alas to many whose eyes are aught but beautiful), she uses them too much, and I would suggest that a more erect carriage, with the head well thrown back, would immensely improve her aristocratic style of beauty. But though not perfect, the material is there, and time and study is all that is required to develop to the utmost those powers which she undoubtedly possesses.

*

Mrs. Rousby's name is almost inseparably connected with the play of last Monday night, and far be it from me to write one unkind word of the dead tragedienne, yet I am constrained to say that, from what I have seen and know personally of her, the living actress is not inferior to her illustrious predecessor in either dramatic power or dramatic instinct.

*

Of Mr. Kyrle Bellew I may, with propriety, say that he is the gifted son of a gifted sire. His forte lies in "the legitimate," but as Courtenay, Earl of Devon, he leaves little to be desired. Much of his father's beauty of feature is his, which, added to a fine manly figure, makes Kyrle Bellew the beau-ideal of a stage lover. The artistic rendering of Mary Tudor, by Miss Helen Bancroft, was a realistic portrait of the unhappy queen whose career, from the cradle to the grave, was fraught with so much of woe to herself and the land of her birth.

*

Miss Hudson played the part of Isabel Markham in an admirable fashion, as did that winsome little soubrette, Miss Alice Butler, as Cicely, the Tower warder's daughter. The Bishop Gardener of Mr. Harry Edwards secured the groans of the deities, which is to be considered as no shallow praise, although, to my thinking, his appearance savored more of the jolly parish priest than the gloomy, scheming prelate of Winchester. Mr. Ian Robertson as Renard the Spanish Envoy was more fortunate, from the natural vulpine cast of his features, which materially assisted him as the wily envoy of Spain.

*

A general favorite was Mr. Vincent Stemmroyd, and the heart of every one in the house beat a shade quicker in sympathy with Mr. B. F. Horning in his dignified and winning conception of the unfortunate Sir Thomas Wyatt.

*

The author of the Two Johns, the farce which has filled the Toronto Opera House to the keyhole every night this week, has undeniably succeeded in producing a most mirth-provoking piece. The pleasantry of the two fat, good-natured Johns permeates the whole performance. The fun is produced in the same way as that adopted by Shakespeare in The Comedy of Errors, by the blunders produced through the close resemblance of two persons to one another. The company is a good one throughout, and furnishes an excellent evening's entertainment.

*

Next week, Corinne in Monte Cristo, Jr. The New York Clipper says: "Corinne has undoubtedly made a strong impression in the dual role of Edmond Dantes and Monte Cristo in Monte Cristo, jr. Manageress Jennie Kimball has staged the piece with lavishness and good taste. There is a large chorus, and a group of good comedians add zest to the nonsense of the plot. Corinne's personal triumph is not to be gainsaid. She is an arch little body with a singular winning smile, a musical voice and the liveliest of limbs. She is most happy in her terpsichorean endeavors, but does nicely with her songs, All Love Jack and I'm a Jolly Little Chap All 'Round.

STAGE CHAT.

I have been the recipient of many good-natured condolences during the past week on account of my reply in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT to a correspondent in Goderich, to the effect that Kyrle Bellew never played in the old Lyceum when the Holmans were here. A multitude of friends have said: "You are altogether wrong this time, old man, for he *was* here beyond a doubt in the early 70's." The stand taken by these friends was endorsed by all, or most of the local papers, but nevertheless I have nothing to retract.

In the course of conversation when at luncheon at the Queen's last Tuesday, I spoke about this matter, and Mr. Bellew said, "I am exceedingly glad you took the stand you did for I have been most unkindly misunderstood in this matter, many people being under the impression that I have forgotten old friends whom I never knew. The fact of the matter is this is my very first visit to Toronto. My elder brother Evelyn was here many years ago, when I was a lad at Harrow. He has long since retired from the stage, and is now a civil engineer in Yokohama, in fact, I received a letter from him only a day or two ago. After he left the stage we met in Glasgow where I was starring and for one fortnight he played with me purely for the fun of the thing."

During the very pleasant couple of hours I spent with him I found that Kyrle Bellew has a strong dash of Bohemianism in his composition. From the time he left Harrow to become a middy in the Royal Navy to the present his life has been one of constant change and adventure. He has been all around the world, and his eyes have not been altogether closed during the journey. He is now busily engaged preparing Shakespearean productions—the first of which is to be Anthony and Cleopatra, and judging by the scored lines of the copy which Mr. Bellew showed me, I am not surprised that he has been more than a year engaged in the work already. His connection with Henry Irving has evidently instilled in his mind the necessity for strict attention to matters of the slightest detail in stage matters.

Afterwards our conversation drifted by easy stages to the elocutionary power of the pulpit, and I was not altogether surprised to hear that 40 per cent. of the clergy of the Church of England don't know how to read properly. And then, after we had sighed a mutual sigh on the decay of the art of letter-writing nowadays, Mrs. Potter became the subject of our conversation.

Of course Mr. Bellew is enthusiastic about her. She is his pupil and we all know the tendency of a master to be enthusiastic regarding a pupil of unusual promise. Said he, in effect: "Her Juliet is a beautiful performance, in fact there is no such Juliet on the stage to-day as Mrs. Potter. I don't care a tuppence about the critics. You know they won't admit genius in a new actress. I have no hesitation in saying that Mrs. Potter is the finest Juliet since the days of Adelaide Neilson, as she is the best read woman on the stage to-day." Of course I am unable to admit or deny this, as I have yet to see Mrs. Potter as Juliet, but off the stage I can frankly admit the fascinatingly pleasant qualities of this most charming woman, who in the course of conversation gave me the impression of one who has chosen her vocation and who will never rest content until the summit of her ambition has been attained.

Wit and Humor.

He (stutterer)—M Mary, w-will you be-be-be-m-my oual oual oual oual wife? She—Yes, but don't excite the dog.

Husband—The parlor is very cold to-night. Wife—Very. Husband—Has—has your mother been sitting here very long?

There is a man in Cincinnati who can raise the dead—if not watched too closely. He furnishes a medical college with subjects.

Mrs. Sensitive—Dear me! What a noise you make in church. Mr. Sensitive (whose shoes squeak)—Noise! Why, my dear, that was the music in my sole.

Wouldn't take a bluff. Smith—I will call tomorrow at nine, Miss Eilen. Eilen (icily)—I will not be in. Smith—Ah! well, I'll call, nevertheless. You may change your mind.

Topsley—I hear old Jenkins has interested that young widow in his business. He's going to take her as a silent partner, I suppose? Brown—Not much! He's going to marry her.

AN ANTI-CLIMAX—He (embracing)—This is heavenly. She—Ecstatic! He—Seraphic!! She—Divine!!! He—Celestial!!!! She—Angelic!!!!! Servant (entering)—Miss Alice, your tripe and onions is ready!

Principal of Seminary—How old is your daughter, madam? Mrs. Chicago—Sixteen, professor. Principal—Quite old enough for matriculation. Mrs. Chicago—Oh, that was done last year when we thought the small-pox was about.

Mrs. Passee—I'm often taken for my daughter's sister, would you believe it? Now, how many years would you give me, Mr. Muttonhedde? Mr. Muttonhedde—Heaven forbid that I should give you any, my dear madame; you are so well provided in that respect!

Madame has gone to Europe to visit mother, and Smith is breakfasting alone. Smith (to maid)—Mary, this coffee is delicious. Maid—I made it, sir (kis-es him tenderly). Smith (virtuously)—No, Mary, you are too late. The cook has already won my affections with the fish-balls.

Crasher—How do you get on with your widow? Masher—She wasn't even a grass-widow; she turned out to be possessed of a living husband. Crasher—You surprise me! Did you ever meet him? Masher—No; he met me and I haven't been able to sit down since without squeaking.

Nubs—I just met Tom Saddog a little way up the street. I knew he and his wife didn't agree very well; so I thought I'd have a little fun with him, and asked him the pointed question of the day—Is marriage a failure? Tubs—What did he say? Nubs—He slapped his thigh, and exclaimed: "Failure be blowed; it's a howling success, my boy. What will you have?" I never was more astonished in my life. Tubs—Nothing extraordinary about it. His wife died yesterday, you know.

Before marriage: She—I hope you will stay to dinner, dear, that is to say if you can eat corned beef hash.—He—Why, darling, do you take me for a gourmand? I could live on bread and butter I believe, so little do I care for French kickshaws. The plainer the meal the better I enjoy it. After marriage: He—Why on earth can't you get something fit to eat? It's enough to make a man dine out every day. I did think a cutlet with a decent sauce was not asking too much, and here they are unfit to touch. What's the use of my buying you a cookery book if you can't make a nice little cutlet?

The Arrivals.

For Saturday Night.

The maid who rules by grace or charm or reigns as beauty's queen,
Will meet two fair usurpers soon in Blanche and Madeline.
I only know the ladies twain by rumor and renown,
Their advent long was heralded, the beauties are in town.
Without great breach of confidence, I'm told by one they've met,
That face and form are perfect, their complexion mild brunette.
Already in their circle they have captured hearts a few,
And one respected citizen is smitten through and through,
The husband of a lady too as excellent as fair,
And yet he does not shun the wiles of this seductive pair;
The claims of social duties are neglected or forgot,
His name is—no, on second thoughts perhaps I'd better not,
For some are so censorious and kennet pleasure find
In making books like betting men, with odds against mankind,
With tongues malign they magnify each innocent defect,
And as they slander ministers, what might the lay expect.
And so I have withhold his name, although he has been seen
To fold sweet Blanche within his arms and fondle Madeline.
Nor does he from his gentle wife these amours e'er disguise;
She makes no sign of jealousy, no gesture of surprise
When absent from their blandishments the day too lengthy seems,
At night their syren voices seem to mingle with his dreams.
At such a man propriety her stern denunciation hurls,
And Madam Scandal sharps her nails to scarify the girls.
Mrs. Grundy has not seen them, but from certain rumor thinks
That Blanche is bold exceedingly and Madeline a minx,
But Grundy, though she's vigilant, is sweetly taken in,
For Madeline's a baby and Blanche a sister twin.

R. P. CROKERDEN.

The Dying Dude.

Aw! waise me gently, chappie, gently,
Pwop the pillah 'neath my head,
Turn the gas a little highah,
And place her pictoah on the bed.
I want to see her face at pawting,
Look the dash cweatchah in the eye
To see if she's the least bit sawwy,
Faw me—aw! now I've got to die.

Aw!—sir the fish bwightah, chappie,
Put yoaah wwm beneath my neck,
I fear I'm gwoing weakah, chappie,
And—aw!—my bweath has got a check.
Now, put your hand in mine, old fellah,
And—aw!—listen while I've bweath,
They're the last words I'll speak, dash chappie,
For soon I'll—aw!—be cold in death.

Aw!—many are the nights, dash chappie,
The time has swiftly slipped along,
While we the slaw would flood with laughtaw,
Beguile the howahs with mirth and song.
We've pledged oaah twiends and sweetheawts, chappie;
We've dwank to—aw!—oaah twue love's eyes—
To blue, to black, and to the hazel,
'Till staws were falling in the skies.

Aw! pwop me up a little highah,
Put yoaah hand again in mine,
No mwah faw me the clink of glasses,
No flowing of the amber wine.
As on those nights of yoah, dash chappie,
That we so oft have gladly seen,
When twom the foaming, glittering glasses
We dwank to woman—man's only Queen.

We two have woamed the stweets togethah,
Full many mawnings, dash old lad,
Aw! shouting out the echoing chowus
So woystewing, so weckless—glad,
We've tasted—aw!—life's sweets togethah,
We've dwained its springs of love and joy,
But—aw! the curtain now is falling,
I'm dying—aw!—to-night, dash boy.

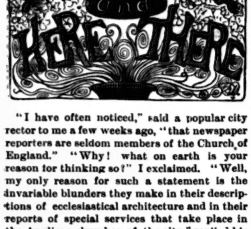
Aw! I've been thinking now, old fellah,
How my days have gone to waste,
That all oaah wevels and cawousings
Were but twofies of pampahed taste;
Thwough the yeahs that have aw!—faded
We have nevah known a sa-ah.
And now, whom—aw! the death-gloom gathahs,
I cawnt, old chappie, bweathe a pwayah.

Ah! waise me gently, chappie, gently,
Swing her pictoah neah my sight,
It's gwoing dawkah fast, old chappie,
Turn the gas up—yes, 'tis night—
I hear the clink of glasses clanging,
And see! her face lights up with joy;
But, dash old chap, the curtain's falling—
Good-bye—I'm going—aw! dash boy.

A Provencal Folk Song.

O where have you spent your morning, tell,
Yes, you, Marian?
Why, drawing water down at the well,
'Tis true, good man.
Who met you and whispered in your ear,
Yes, you, Marian?
'Twas one of the villa, a girls, oh, dear,
'Tis true, good man.
Ain't a girl in breeches a novel sight,
Say you, Marian?
Well, perhaps her skirt was a trifle tight,
'Tis true, good man.
A girl with a sword! I've ne'er seen one,
Have you, Marian?
Well, her distaff hung down as she spun,
'Tis true, good man.
Has a girl a mustache? Come that's a good joke,
For you, Marian!
She was eating mulberries as she spoke,
'Tis true, good man.
I never knew mulberries ripen in May,
Did you, Marian?
A bunch may be left from last year, I dare say,
'Tis true, good man.
Go gather a basketful, then for me,
Marian.
But the birds may have eaten them since, you see,
'Tis true, good man.
Come, say your prayers now, I'll cut off your head,
Yes, you, Marian.
But what will you do with the body when dead,
Tell true, good man?
Oh, out of the window I'll fling it, you beast,
Yes, you, Marian.
That the cats and the dogs may all come to the feast,
Tell true, good man?
I'll do for you this time, though for it I swing,
Yes, you, Marian.
But a rope round one's neck is an unpleasant thing,
'Tis true, good man.
You bad, lying scratch cat, I'll blacken your eye,
Yes, you, Marian.
'Twas my cousin, the conscript, who bade me good-bye,
'Tis true, good man.
What, Jean? Then why couldn't you say so at once,
Yes, you, Marian?
'Cause I like to tease you a bit, you old dunce,
'Tis true, good man.
You tease me too much, 'tis a shame and a crime,
Yes, you, Marian.
Well, just keep your temper another time,
I'm true, good man.

M. R. WEBB.



"I have often noticed," said a popular city rector to me a few weeks ago, "that newspaper reporters are seldom members of the Church of England." "Why! what on earth is your reason for thinking so?" I exclaimed. "Well, my only reason for such a statement is the invariable blunders they make in their descriptions of ecclesiastical architecture and in their reports of special services that take place in the Anglican churches of the city," replied his reverence, with just the slightest suspicion of injured feelings in his tones.

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Never having given the subject a moment's thought I was not prepared to endorse or oppose this statement, but have since, wondering how, come to the conclusion that the parson wasn't very far out in his reckoning after all. This impression was still further strengthened when I read in last Saturday's paper a *Telegram* reporter's Odd Phases of City Life.

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In a humorous description by Bishop Sweatman of his recent visit to the Pan-Anglican Conference in England, the *Telegram's* special ecclesiastical reporter makes the Bishop to say, "The *Bishop* of York conducted us through the noble minster," and a moment later the T. S. E. R. walks into his lordship's affection to the tune of "There were the Bishop of Huron and myself—and yes, the Bishop of Norfolk and—ah!—the Bishop of Cape Colony."

***

Now this is good stuff and reads amazingly well, only it would be well for this Pan-Anglican reporter to remember that York is the seat of an archbishopric, and that Dr. Thompson is, as a rule, spoken of as the archbishop. I may be wrong, and then again I may be right when I venture the statement that the Bishop of Norfolk is only a figment of that reporter's brain, as no such prelate has been heard of, previous to last Saturday. Churchmen have seen and known the Bishop of Norwich who is probably the individual alluded to.

***

Charles Dudley Warner, before his departure last week, has left on record his opinion of what a convict's sentence should be, which in effect simply amounts to this: "A convict should be sent to prison and hard labor, not for a definite arbitrary term, but until he is so changed in his habits that he is fit to take his place in the world again."

***

Such a statement reads very prettily, and has a marvellous twang of a certain kind of philanthropy about it which may commend itself to some. To my humble thinking it simply means the shortest term to the biggest hypocrite. Prison chaplains all admit the first thing the average convict does is to make himself "solid" at the chapel services!

***

I can easily imagine how readily the most desperate convicts would, in a very brief space, become so changed in their habits that the Shah of Persia and all his glittering jewels might pass them, *when in jail*, and not a mouth water with baleful desire at the sight, but it strikes me that, once outside the jail walls, the Supreme light of the Universe would have a dismal show if left to the tender mercies of one of Charles Dudley Warner's repentant convicts. Lighter sentences, say I, when offences are lighter, just as I believe in and endorse the sentiment of the real philanthropist, who was prepared to stop capital punishment when murder shall cease.

***

Mr. Blakely Hall is the gentleman who came over here a short time ago to write up Canadian desire for annexation—for and against—for a New York paper. Up to date I have not seen the result of his mission, and when I do I shall not take much stock in it, for a more unmitigated gasconader than Blakely Hall is unknown even in American journalism. He outgaths Gath.

***

The first thing he did on reaching the other side was to write a long screed to the papers abusing our hotel system in the most outrageous fashion, assuring the American people that our national cookery and the Toronto hotels are a disgrace to the nineteenth century. But Blakely Hall has been "most elegantly slated" by a fellow-countryman, as will be seen by the following.

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But Mr. Blakely Hall positively revels in falsehood. He proceeds to relate how they (his party) went to the Ascot races, gives a purely imaginary account of the entrance to the course and paddock of several parties, including Lord Charles Beresford, and describes the dreadful disgrace his friends got into by accidentally knocking down a gate-post. After getting settled on the course, he proceeds:

"We finally succeeded in getting two or three of the ladies to descend to the ground, but they would not join the crowd at the gate, and so we went over and stared at the Princess of Wales, the Prince, and his son, who occupied a big box in the inclosure.

"The prince is a dumpy-looking little man, and he sat with his arms on his stick, gazing over his puffy cheeks at the multitude. He was quite alone, and evidently wished to remain so; for none of the other howling swells—there were a dozen or more dukes, earls, and marquises scattered around the balcony—approached him. Near his chair stood his oldest son, Prince Albert Victor. He is by no means as tall as his photographs suggest. He has an astoundingly long neck, which is decorated by an exceedingly unpleasant eruption extending up over his cheeks and face. His eyes are heavy and his figure gawky. His younger brother, Prince George, wears a queer little beard, and pulls it with the air of a man who knows he is a prince of the blood royal and is proud of it. Altogether, they were three uninteresting, colorless, and common-looking men. I say this with the full understanding that it is considered rather smart now to say disrespectful and unkind things of princes and such, but I gazed at the royal party through a field-glass for a long while, trying to find some points or indications of aristocratic birth, but there was absolutely none, so far as the men were concerned. They were not only unimpressive-looking, but they also seemed unhealthy and ill-natured. The princess, however, was a picture of aristocratic elegance, though it was evident, even at that distance, that she was made up in the most reckless fashion. There were five or six men, including two stalwart and well-formed young guardsmen, hanging around her constantly. The prince stayed only an hour on the balcony. Then he arose and stalked within. The sons stood awkwardly near the door until the mother came out serenely through, and then wandered through ahead of the others, who stood respectfully by. I observed that the two handsome guardsmen came last; so I presume they are men of the least consequence, so far as titles are concerned, though they were, by far, the best-looking men in the royal group."

Now, here we have a clear description of the Prince of Wales and his wife and family written by an American gentleman in the columns of a respectable American newspaper. Passing over the disgraceful insinuations about the Princess of Wales, and the vulgar and indecent remarks about Prince Albert Victor, I come to this gentlemanly sentence: "I gazed at the royal party through a field-glass for a long time." Now, if Mr. Blakely Hall saw them that day he must have had one of Sam Weller's magnifying-glasses, or else have been badly hoaxed and a good deal worse taken in than the gentleman was with the buffalo yarn; for the simple and undoubted fact is, that the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and their sons were not at the Ascot races at all, and consequently all the adventures which Mr. Blakely Hall so graphically describes are impudent fabrications. Owing to the deaths in the German royal family, the Prince and Princess of Wales did not attend Ascot, or any other races, this year.

ST. GEORGE.

Our Inquiry Column.

[Correspondents will address—"Inquiry Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office].

B. M. K. (Guelph) writes: "How shall I begin my letter to a gentleman to whom I am not engaged, but who is an intimate friend?" "Dear Mr. ——," and if the acquaintanceship is a very intimate one, the given name may with propriety be used.

H. F. (City).—You say your character is beyond reproach, your social condition equal to hers, and you should so much enjoy taking her to the concert. Nothing easier. Simply address a few lines to the young lady's mother asking to be allowed to escort her daughter.

N. A. S. (Chatham).—The correct commencement would be "Madame" as you are not acquainted with the lady. Write in the first person.

M. A. H. (City).—"Would it be proper for a number of young ladies to attend a dancing school reception without an escort, providing they are scholars of said school?" If the reception is held in the daytime, an escort would not be strictly necessary, although, of course, one would be very desirable. But if a reception is held in the evening, this being a large city either an escort or a chaperon is imperative.

Undine.—The given name Gladys is pronounced as if spelled *Glad*-dis. In answer to your second question, the Tsar Kolokol (king of bells), the great bell in the Kremlin at Moscow, weighs 443,772 pounds, is 19 feet 3 inches in height, and measures 60 feet 9 inches about its margin.

Bride's Cake (St. Thomas).—It is not the custom to send it except to very near relations. Your letter was not received in time for last week's issue.

H. S. McNally (Guelph).—Address A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

B (Toronto) writes:—In your reply to Undergrad (November 3) you advise the placing of the napkin on the lap as being the correct way to use that indispensable adjunct to comfort during meals. Now as reason and common sense should be at the foundation of all society usages, I think the above advice is worthy of reconsideration. The napkin is useful in at least two ways; first, to wipe the mouth or fingers, and second, to protect one's clothes. For ladies and mustacheless youths your edict may remain in force and no inconvenience will result, but for men with mustaches it is a rule not to be obeyed. What say you, my brothers?

P. S.—I am glad that Our Inquiry Column has been commenced in SATURDAY NIGHT, and feel that its items will be acceptable to the majority of your readers. I trust criticism will be permitted, and that your readers will avail themselves of the privilege.

In reply to B's very sensible remarks we can only point to the fact that the dictum of society is in favor of the accepted custom. Neither can we see any great necessity for apprehension on the part of the mustached individual. To one who eats with propriety there can be little danger of soiled clothing. We are glad that this column is appreciated. We certainly do not object to criticism.

Clara B (Stratford)—You ask us to describe a handsome man, but surely this is almost an impossibility, for tastes differ so much in the matter of masculine beauty. Individuality, refinement, decision and regularity of feature are the chief requisites in a handsome men.

Varsity Chat.

The first public debate of the Literary Society for the present year took place last night in Convocation Hall.

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I hereby (with much gravity) make my annual solemn protest against the restrictions placed upon the society in the choice of subjects for debate. Doubtless it will be received with the same distinguished silence which has greeted all other protests of a similar nature. Still, there is relief in it.

*

While I am growling I might remark that during the summer the authorities destroyed, for the most part, the undoubtedly picturesque possibilities in the southeastern entrance to the grounds. It has been lowered, or I should say raised, to the dead level of mediocrity.

*

The loss is perhaps not realized because in a sense we have been robbed of what we never had. It might have been easily made to lend as great a charm to the surroundings as the eastern approach does at present, and that too in spite of the proximity of Wycliffe and the back door of the school of science.

*

All who could be got together of the Song Book Committee sat last week for a group photograph. This is probably the last act of a committee whose members will hold it in kindly remembrance.

*

Mr. J. W. Garvin, one of those who could not be there, is head master of Welland Model School.

*

The *Varsity* issues its first number this week. Mr. F. B. Hodgins, B. A., who has for some years been editor-in chief and who it was feared could not be compelled to sever his active connection with the paper, has consented, under strong pressure, to retain his position for a year.

NEMO.

Cremation.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

SIR—In your last number Don assumes that the clergy are the chief—if not the only—opponents of cremation, and that it is only superstition that can oppose it. Both these positions are most truly assumptions. Cremation touches no "belief" of Christianity; but it must have touched the sentiment of Christians very powerfully, or else it would not have been supplanted by inhumation wherever Christianity has prevailed. Don's ingenuity would not be quite misdirected in endeavoring to account for this fact; and I am quite sure he cannot prove that lay people are a bit more in favor of cremation than the clergy. Let him try his hand at the proof. At the late Manchester Church Congress, the first paper on the subject was read by a layman, a Mr. F. Seymour Haden, who contended that cremation was impracticable on a large scale (there were two thousand deaths weekly in greater London alone), and the medico-legal objections to it were insuperable. Many prudent and feasible suggestions for the improvement of the present state of things at home were made, but there was small insistence on cremation; and until land is a great deal more scarce and precious in Canada, it is entirely superfluous to worry ourselves or our neighbors about the question here.

Yours,

JOHN CARRY.

PORT PERRY, Nov. 3, 1888.

The Secret Drawer.

In idle mood I touched the springs
That opened wide the secret drawer,
To gaze on half-forgotten things
That waked the memories of yore;
Small scraps of letters loosely tied
With silken bands of faded blue,
Containing words of love and pride,
Wrung from my heart when life was new.

A lock of radiant golden hair
That once adorned a glorious head
Of a young angel heavenly fair—
And long since numbered with the dead;
A dark-brown tress—the sole remains
Of a brave woman lost and gone,
The partner of my joys and pains,
Whose smile made sunlight where it shone.

I sighed, I kissed them like a fool—
Although perhaps the fool was wise
With wisdom learned in sorrow's school—
Who saw the truth through all disguise.
And taking counsel with my thoughts
I asked myself, 'mid haze of tears,
Why these fond relics, fancy-fraught,
Should live beyond my span of years?

To build romances from my life,
Or weave the lies that seem like truth,
From shadows of long ended strife
And unknown agonies of youth?
Take them, ye flames! such fate is best!
All but the lock of hair I crave
To wear upon my living breast,
And perish with me in the grave.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Spurious Violins.

That hundreds of imitations of violins by the great Italian masters are being annually placed in the English market by modern French and other makers is a fact well known to the trade, but the amateur is often very egregiously swindled.

When the instruments are first issued from the factories they are honestly enough sold as "imitations" or "copies"—though it seems rather a straining of propriety to copy not only the form of the old makers' instruments, but also their names and dates. The violins imitated in this way are nearly all supposed to be by Stradivarius, Guarnerius, Amati, or Stainer.

The genuine instruments of all these early makers, in beauty and workmanship, in richness and power of tone, remain unsurpassed, notwithstanding the many efforts which have been made by their successors. This accounts for the great pecuniary value which these instruments now possess, as well as for the desire shown by players to secure one of them. Nearly all our public solo-players perform on violins made by one or other of the makers named so far back, as at the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. Paganini's favorite instrument was a Guarnerius; Joachim plays habitually on a fine Stradivarius, and we believe both Wilhelmj and Remenyi use instruments by the same maker. The Duke of Edinburgh—who, by the way, is a good amateur violinist—has two very fine instruments by Guarnerius, as well as one by Stradivarius.

At the beginning of this century any of these instruments could have been bought for £10; now not one of them, if put to the hammer, would realise anything less than £500; it is probable they would run up to £1,000. The last-named price has several times been paid for a genuine instrument. On one occasion fifteen thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania were given for a Stainer, and as the city of Pittsburg now stands on that land, it may certainly be said that the bargain has to be recorded as the most noteworthy price ever paid for a violin.

It will thus be seen that there is considerable temptation to produce copies of the old makers' instruments. And this is done more easily and with greater success than may at first sight appear possible. The wonderful forgeries those perpetrated at the close of last century by a French firm named Lupot. The process, though it may be described in a very few words, was, to say the least, remarkable. A really genuine old violin by one of the classic masters was taken to pieces and two or three others made out of its separate parts. The genuine back, or head, or belly, or even sides, was relled upon to do duty for the spuriousness of the rest, and so perfect was the imitation that experts were frequently deceived. A violin of this kind, as we know, has often passed as a genuine instrument, and fetched a fabulous price even in the open market.

Another common method of swindling is by means of the tickets affixed to the instruments. An expert would in most cases test the genuineness of a violin by the tone, the workmanship, and the design; but in the case of the inexperienced amateur (and he it is who is most frequently bitten) the tickets form generally the only basis of judgment. It were hardly necessary, one would think, to point out how easily these violin tickets may be fabricated. Yet we have known cases in which sums as high as £20 have been scraped together by needy amateurs in order to purchase an instrument the value of which they based entirely on the faith of the label. Such an instrument, bearing the signature of Stradivarius in old characters, date and all—a fac-simile, in short, of the original—was recently purchased for £15, and, on being taken to an expert, was declared to be worth only the same number of shillings.

So long as amateurs are foolish enough to believe they can buy genuine classic instruments at low prices, so long will they continue to be swindled. It ought to be clearly understood that an old violin is worth little or nothing unless it has what we may term a pedigree; and that, on the other hand, a genuine instrument with a pedigree cannot be purchased under some hundreds of pounds—more or less, according to the maker, and the period when it was made. Advertisements are constantly appearing in the newspapers offering (so-called) genuine instruments at great sacrifices; and the pawnbroker (whom we have never seen without a fiddle of some kind) not infrequently also lends himself to the swindle. In this connection let amateurs remember two things: first-class violins are not advertised at cheap prices; and really genuine violins do not find their way into a pawnshop more than once in a generation.

In the following words intending buyers of instruments have excellent advice; let them abide by it. "If you want a violin and have money, you can have a good one. If you are poor, go to a dealer who has made a reputation, and you will get full value for your money. But when you think you have found a Stradivarius hanging in the front window of a pawnshop (or elsewhere), buy the opinion of an expert before you buy the Stradivarius; and whether it be a genuine instrument or a vile sham, you will save money."

The following inscription found in one of the old maker's violins has very seldom been printed:—

"I lived in the forest, and was killed by the hand-axe;
Living, I was silent; dead, I sing sweetly."

Frank James a Clothing House Clerk.

Frank James, the ex-bandit, has reformed his evil ways and is a clerk in a clothing store in Dallas, Texas. He attends strictly to business and his notoriety brings much custom to the house. His manner is said to be courteous and suave, yet there is a certain firmness and decision in his tones when he assures a customer that a garment is a perfect fit, which leaves nothing to do but settle with the cashier.

A timid countryman was in the store the other day to buy a suit for himself, and James waited on him. The countryman knew who he was and was visibly disturbed. He sized him up slyly and took furtive observations to determine if he had his "weepons" with him.

"Here is a coat that I think will fit you," said Frank, hauling one out of a big pile by the collar, in a manner suggestive of a road agent jerking a hesitating passenger out of a stage coach.

"Ain't it a little—just a little, short in the back?"

Frank turned a glittering eye on the customer, and he hastened to say: "I reckon it'll do, after all. Praps the style is short this fall. How about pants?"

The pants were produced.

"They seem a little loud," remarked the customer, timidly, as he surveyed the pattern in large, gaudy checks.

"There are louder checks than that," said Frank, significantly, as he made a motion suggestive of snapping a revolver.

"Oh, that's no objection, no objection at all," said the timid man. "I like checks, so roll 'em up. What's the bill?"

The Hessians in the Revolution.

The hiring of these troops was bitterly condemned by Lord John Cavendish in the House of Commons, and by Lords Camden and Shelburn and the Duke of Richmond in the House of Lords; and Chatham's indignant invectives at a somewhat later date are familiar to everyone. It is proper, however, that in such an affair as this we should take care to affix our blame in the right place. The king might well argue that in carrying on a war for what the majority of Parliament regarded as a righteous object, it was no worse for him to hire men than to buy cannon and ships. The German troops, on their part, might justly complain of Lord Camden for stigmatizing them as "mercenaries," inasmuch as they did not come to America for pay, but because there was no help for it. It was indeed with a heavy heart that these honest men took up their arms to go beyond the sea and fight for a cause in which they felt no sort of interest, and great was the mourning over their departure. The persons who really deserved to bear the odium of this transaction were the mercenary princes who thus shamelessly sold their subjects into slavery. It was a striking instance of the demoralization which had been wrought among the petty courts of Germany in the last days of the old empire, and among the German people it excited profound indignation. The popular feeling was well expressed by Schiller, in his Cabale und Liebe. Frederick the Great, in a letter to Voltaire, declared himself beyond measure disgusted, and by way of publicly expressing his contempt for the transaction, he gave orders to his custom house officers that upon all such of these soldiers as should pass through Prussian territory a toll should be levied, as upon "cattle exported from foreign shambles."

It Broadened Her.

"You enjoyed your summer abroad, didnt you, Mrs. Moneybags?"

"Oh, very, very much, indeed! We had a charming time and acquired so much information. One gains so much by attrition, by coming into contact with other minds and other scenes, don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. You went to Paris?"

"Oh, Paris, dear Paris! Can I ever forget it! We were there nine delightful days and spent seven of them at Worth's—think of it!"

"And you spent some time in London?"

"Oh, yes; three whole weeks, and really it is quite remarkable how plainly London ladies dress. We were so surprised every time we rode in the park. But I don't think I ever ate such delicious soups as we had there. We have talked about them ever since."

"Did you go to any of the famous watering places?"

"Oh, yes: to quite a number, and there again we were so surprised. The ladies at Newport and Bar Harbor dress so much more and in so much better taste than at English summer resorts. It is really quite remarkable how great the difference is!

"You didn't get to Rome, did you?"

"Oh, yes; but we found it very dull there. Do you know I actually spent three of the four days I was there trying to find a milliner who could make me a decent bonnet; and I had to give it up at last. Oh, Rome is horrid. But, take it all in all, Europe is charming and you've no idea how it broadens and expands one's mind to spend a season or two abroad."

How to Prevent It.

"The way young ladies have now of boasting of their offers of marriage is vulgarly repellant."—*London Queen.*

He—What would you say if I asked you to marry me?

She—No.

He—Well, then I shan't ask you. So I guess you can't go round telling your friends that you refused me.

Professor Poser is giving a clinical lecture at the medical school. "Now my good men, what is your profession?" "I'm a musician." "Very well; you see, gentlemen, it is just as I supposed. The fatigue consequent upon the continued exertion of the respiratory organs in blowing, is a frequent cause of the serious complaint from which this unfortunate man suffers. What instrument do you play?" "The bassoon."

Isidor—Levi, my poy, vare are you? Levi—I vos going to lunch, farder. Isidor—No lunch to-day, my poy. Peezness ahead mit pleasure. I musdt go out for two hours. I leave de store in charge undt I geeve you der private mark should a sucker gusdomer come in. Every article has a tag mit it. Undt if der vas one little pencil dot, it means one dot; two pencil dots, two dollars; dree pencil dots, dree dollars, and so on up. Levi—All right, farder. Isidor departs and returns before two o'clock. Isidor—Vell, Levi, how's peezness. Levi—Had a gusdomer! Isidor—No! Did you sold him? Levi—For sure! Isidor—Vot you sold him, my poy? Levi—A pair of pants. Isidor—For vat much, my poy? Levi—Sixteen dollars. Isidor—Vot!!! Sixteen dollars? Levi—Yes, farder. Isidor (with uplifted hands)—Gott pless der flies!

Not Quite Out of Practice.

Officer—Caught you right in de act, ain't I? Now come here, till I club de head off'n you!

Homeless Wanderer—I've been playin' in hard luck lately; but I wus wid a circus two years an' I didn't learn to do a back somersault over four elephants fur nothin!—*Puck.*

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Lord Loudon had returned to Sheen Abbey and thown open his long-closed doors with a hospitality that astonished his neighbors and retainers, accustomed to hear of him only as a solitary and aged recluse. Guelda acted as mistress of his household, with a brightness recalling her grandmother to the old county families who used to visit at Sheen in Lady Loudon's long-past days.

It was August, and under the full heat and glow of the summer sun mother earth lay as if her heart were mellowed to the core, resting in fruition of happiness, while the harvests grew golden over the land. Gay voices echoed along the stone corridors of Sheen Abbey, where lovely ladies walked with downcast mien, or sat illuminating their missals by the stone-mullioned windows. Light laughter and music wooed into the old-fashioned rooms of Sheen in the evening, where over the dark waxed floors glided groups of dancers; and bursts of song, among which Guelda's throbbing voice held most hearers entranced, came from the music-room, which had once been the refectory of the old Cistercians. By day amusements succeeded each other, ever bright and new as the old fountain's jets of water sparkling high in the sunshine in the little Abbot's Flower-garden on the south side of the abbey. There were rides and picnics in the forest, garden-parties and impromptu polo and tennis matches.

"But these gaieties of ours are all too like each other; there is so little difference in our soap-bubles!" laughed Guelda one morning to Julian and his sister. She was standing in a white dress out-of-doors on the grand terrace, and her fingers were idly breaking off some roses that peering over a low wall before them. Half unconsciously she then fastened the flowers in her waist-belt, not from vanity, but because she loved flowers—above all, roses—so dearly.

"Lady Grizel, I have an idea. Will you come with me for one little half-hour this morning and let us talk it over? It will be very kind if you will help me."

"I will gladly help you in any and every way I can; but in return I wish you would call me simply Grizel in future," answered her friend.

Lady Grizel was one of those rare women who sometimes conceive an affection for another of their sex as strong and as pure and tender as that most unselfish of human attachments, the love of sisters. Was it because the love with which her heart was overflowing had as yet met with no sufficing reciprocation? The last few days had ripened her friendship towards their young hostess into an unchanging affection; she seemed also to look now at the lovely face before her through the eyes of that brother to whom she was deeply attached.

The Duke at this moment was watching with an infatuated expression Guelda's changing face and the light on her golden hair, as if his gaze must needs follow her with the submissive watchfulness of dumb, dog-like devotion.

It had been worse for his peace of mind to see Guelda here than only in London drawing-rooms. Standing in the morning breeze and sunlight, with the roses climbing over the parapet behind her and the wide-spreading cedars of Lebanon making a dark background to her slight white figure, Guelda looked—as he had first thought her in the forest—a child of nature, bred in the grand temples of the woods, who had drunk in truth, simplicity, and beauty of soul, as of face, with every breath.

"May I not join your council too?" Isiay pleaded. "All I ask in return for beating my brains in your service is that rose-bud in your hand."

"Oh, you shall have it—a free gift for nothing!" said Guelda, with such ready simplicity that he felt rebuked. "But as to your service—no, no, Duke; you are too practical, I fear, and would smother my little germ of a fancy with some common sense at the outset. Well, Grizel, shall we go to thatter. Come then, dear Grizel! Shall we go to that wood you see beyond the yew alley? There is a favorite spot of mine there, I should like to show you."

As the two girls went away, side by side, down a long narrowing arch of ancient sombre yews, Julian stood looking after Guelda's white dress flutter out of sight like a vanishing cloud.

"Why does she never take me to see her favorite spots, as she does Grizel, I wonder?" he said to himself. And then he thought again, "I wonder if she gave her blue-bell to Ronald on that first day we met in the forest or frankly as this rosebud to Grizel?"

Meanwhile, down the yew walk, the *chatelaine* of Sheen was unfolding her late-born idea to Lady Grizel, who listened with surprise but joyous sympathy.

"To have old English revels! It is indeed a delightful idea, and like you, because it is a little unlike other people!" the latter exclaimed bruskquely linking her arm in that of the younger girl with an affectionate squeeze that was a very rare action indeed with her.

"You are always so kind to me!" said Guelda, feeling all the more grateful because this sister's affection was a new thing in her life. To Bino, to her grandfather, it was she who was always accustomed to show sympathy, patience—above all, love—not so much to receive any of these three. She explained all the more eagerly.

"You know there is a splendid harvest, and of course there will be a thanksgiving service later in church. But at Christmas, when we offer a far more solemn rejoicing, good cheer and mirth are established also by old custom. Surely to have always a harvest-day would be a pleasant break in the dull lives of the country people here! One reads of merry England when Mayday was kept with such frolics; and then there was St. John's Eve, and many another high day and holiday. Well, I know what it is to be poor and live in a cottage, and never to have a beautiful sight to see and think of for days afterwards. And I am so happy now, I should like to give the poor people around some brightness in their lives too."

Then both girls tried to sketch out the programme—games and feats of skill, with prizes for those who excelled; lastly, some kind of pageant to mark the day and season.

"Ceres in her chariot, with yourself as the goddess," suggested Lady Grizel.

"Whatever it is, I think our idea should be English, as much as these oak trees around and the forest-dwellers themselves, who, I suppose, says, are true Britons, as their forefathers were before the Normans came," answered Guelda.

"If only Ronald were here—Ronald Airlie! He would help us as no one else could. His ideas are as romantic as your own, Guelda. He should have been born in the time of King Arthur, and gone wandering through the land in search of dragons to slay and fair maidens to rescue. But I forgot—you hardly know him."

"Hardly," returned Guelda, faltering. "Would Capt. Airlie, perhaps, be persuaded to come here?"

"I do not think so," said Lady Grizel drily, with a peculiar intonation, as if she was thinking of some remote reason. "Here—no! He is wayward and strange in some respects. He will be staying with us next week; for our home has always been his since he was left an orphan. Your revels cannot come off for three weeks; meanwhile I will ask him for hinta."

"Pray do! I am certain he can tell us better than any one what to do!" cried Guelda, with a deeper ring in her voice and brighter light in her brown eyes than were usual. She added explainingly, "That is, because you say so. And now how would this very spot suit for our woodland theater?"

The two girls had reached an open glade where the yew alley merged into as wild a little bit of woodland scenery as any in the heart of the great forest beyond there—wild, for to all appearance the turf had never been tilled nor the hand of man been there, for centuries since first the monks reclaimed this outlying valley from the forest wildness. And this wood had been part of the forest, of which they alone hunted the deer that were royal property in the forest adjacent.

Though the Abbey and its lands were taken from the Church, and given by bluff old King Harry the Eighth to one of his favorite barons, change of owners brought little change to Sheen Abbey and its surrounding demesne. The fish-ponds were still kept stocked, the garden was still well ordered with its herbs and clipped bushes, its pleached alleys and fair grass-plots. And likewise this deer preserve had remained untouched.

"See," pointed out Guelda—"the bank opposite that rises so abruptly to the wood above is shaped in a semi-circle. The spectators could sit there while the sports go on below, where the grass is almost as smooth as a bowling-green. And to the right and left, along these vistas through the oak-trees, our procession could be seen coming and going."

Lady Grizel assented warmly to the plan. Then the two friends, sitting down on an old stone bench at the end of the alley, enjoyed the morning freshness of the air, the beauty they looked away at the distant glimpses of the hills around seen through the oak-branches here and there; while all the silence about them was full of an undertone of sound like a faint hum—noises from the busy world of smaller life of insect and creature which human ears see or seldom will hear. But Guelda, perhaps heard, and only after some time spoke, and that because she was very glad.

"One can be happy here, she said softly. "Under the trees and in the stillness I seem my own self again. In the rush of the world and the roar of town and trains and crowds a stunned feeling overwhelmed me. But I forgot! It is selfish and rather ill-mannered to talk much about oneself, my grandfather says—is it not?"

"Not to those who wish to listen, and really care for you," said Lady Grizel. "I do care! What is your feeling?"

"It is as if I were only a unit in a brilliant procession that is always passing onward, onward. And faces look down from the windows as we go by, some there are so friendly and smiling that one would like to stay and speak to them, shake hands, and perhaps stay with them a while. But one must go on and on with the crowd, none of which seem to care for one or understand one as those we leave behind might. Only women understand like this come to I seem able to rest and think, and feel myself an individual again with my own thoughts and wishes."

"It means, in plain English, that you have already a taste of the surfeit of society that we all get, or those of us worth anything. Ours is a false life, for beings made with minds and souls, if we keep for ever repressing our best aspirations and amusing ourselves like so many fashion dolls," returned Lady Grizel. Then, with a small sigh—"I am often far more sick of it all than you, and only keep on 'going out' to balls and parties and the rest of the mill-round just because I know I shall have—unless some unexpected change comes in my life—I shall throw it all up, and leave the world, as people stupidly call it, behind."

"But what will you do? Go into a convent?" ejaculated Guelda, amazed. "You who are so bright and cheery always, and so handsome, dear Grizel? It would be like stepping alive into a tomb."

Certainly a glance at Lady Grizel did not show an apparently likely votary for the still rapt seclusion of a cloister. Her black eyes sparkled with vitality and animal spirits, when also tinged her brunette complexion with warm crimson. There was determination written in her level black brows and strongly-shaped chin; but good nature beamed broadly in her smile. No submissive sister, no quiet nun she!

"Not I!" Lady Grizel answered for herself, with a laugh that had no sound or suggestion of pathos. "I want to be doing some work—toil—anything that will use my muscles and wits and rude health. Don't be surprised at any freak you may hear reported of me; you will know it was a plan that was maybe ripening in my mind now. There are too many unemployed women like myself who might sing in the streets. 'We've got no work to do.'"

"But are there not duties—that is, work—in your station also?" diffidently suggested Guelda Seaton.

"Duties! Yes—plenty. But most are for the married women. I trust to see you a shining example of them, my dear, one day. You would make a delightful duchess, Guelda; no one would wear a diamond coronet and peeress' robes with a finer air or more grace and dignity. Ronald Airlie, my cousin, said so one day—and he is the best judge I know—so you may be proud. Then, in reality, though you despise rank and riches and power, they seem to come so naturally to you that they are no more than keeping a gig and having a new bonnet yearly would be to a farmer's wife. It must be an inborn instinct. I have seen many a poor man's wife wasted on a millionaire. Now I should not be a good stewardess of ten talents. Even now either I often get bored by the publicity and the pageants and the wearying, useless so-called pleasures that are social duties in a high position, or I throw myself too utterly into them and forget all better things. I should make a good poor man's wife."

Guelda had stooped, pretending to gather some wild thyme that was sending up its crushed fragrance under her feet. A hot blush had rushed to her cheeks; but, though she understood Lady Grizel's allusion to being a duchess, it was no thought of Islay that stirred her pulses. Ronald Airlie's praise, even though only repeated, had made her heart beat fast.

"Then you too may marry even a poor man, as you say, and that will interfere with your mysterious plan," she answered, with a shy grace that was as specially her own as the scent of May-blossom is to a day in spring.

"Oh, I might!" scoffed Lady Grizel good-humoredly, in a tone implying, "But more likely I might not." Then, springing abruptly to her feet, she said, "Shall we go back to the Abbey now?"

CHAPTER IX.

Three weeks later another and a still larger house-party than the last filled the many old rooms of Sheen Abbey.

The Abbey itself was one of the finest surviving specimens of monastic architecture of religion, learning, and husbandry in turbulent times. It had been built not far from the outlirts of the great forest, in a valley where the hills westward with rolling masses of verdure. The first abbot had chosen for his demesne a small but lovely valley, some miles from the scenery, being steeply surrounded by hills clad with oaks and dark fir-trees. A stream ran, brown but clear, through the rich low green of lawns and pasture-land. Islay was fish-ponds and fountains of the Abbey garden. At one end of the valley this rivulet was spanned by a bridge belonging to the Abbot's Grange, and after one peep at the secluded valley, passed out of sight among hills and woods.

The great Abbey itself lay solid, as if built for all time. Its once leaden roof, which had been stripped at the time of the reformation to cover half the churches round, gleamed again dully under the sunshine, blue with slate however in parts. All around there ran battlements that had done good service in their day, the thickly-green lichen on which, besides the gargoyles below and there—projecting grinning heads—gave perhaps the greatest look of age to the venerable pile. Elsewhere its mullioned and mullioned windows filled with honeycomb panes were softly veiled with creepers, roses, wistaria, and ivy, with starry jasmine and feathery clematis. The windows along one side were closed in by means of stained glass windows, and adorned with palms and shrubs, making a cool retreat in summer and in winter a well-warmed and hot air. The old chapel had been modernised in early Georgian days.

Indoors the principal entrance led into a stone banqueting-hall, wide and very lofty, with a great fireplace, and panelled walls that were hung with all kinds of armor, strange old pictures, and many rarities for curiosity lovers. From the hall rose the grand staircase, with its flights of dark, polished shallow steps, and balustrade, a marvel of thickness and beauty of old carving, which had pillars at every turn adorned with birds and foliage and baskets of flowers in solid oak. This led to the principal reception-rooms, seven and half of them with bare shining floors of dark old oak, and folding-doors as high as if designed for giants, the walls here hung with old Flemish and Gobelin tapestry illustrating the parables by means of gigantic figures, the painted ceiling representing an earlier and a more different kind of religion—namely, the loves of the Greek gods and goddesses.

Downstairs, however, there was a suite of more comfortable living-rooms, less gorgeous, but more homelike. A flight of three broad steps led from the banqueting-hall to the dining-room, which once perchance had been itself the wide dais, but now gave only an impression of stamped and gilt Cordova leather and carved chairs. Then came the morning-room, a cool green room, same which had first impressed Guelda with the dainty hues of their blue-and-rose satin prettiness. They had been furnished in French style for her grandmother. Lord Loudon inhabited farther on a magnificent but sanguinary-looking apartment all hung in dark red silk. But the room Guelda loved for her own special retreat the "blue tapestry chamber," which had been the favorite "ladies' retiring-room" in the days of the Stuarts, and which needed ever fairly fragrant of lily-and-*pot-pourri* jars, mingling with its present sweet odors—where all was so unchanged in the embroidered blue hangings and the laid quaint furniture that cavaliers with flowing curls and dames with little love-locks fringed their foreheads, could have very nearly frown, if they could have marked no difference, save the touch of time's fingers, after the lapse of two centuries.

This room was selected for the celebration of the harvest revels was come, and the great reception-rooms upstairs were thronged with a goodly company. Amongst them was Lady Lucy Julian, Lady Ermyntrude Gamble—who had successfully angled for an invitation by making herself agreeable to Lord Loudon—her vulgar and ambitious spouse, and other guests of note. Of these, Guelda especially liked old Sir Julian Inglis, the same white-haired diplomatist whom she had once overheard upon the stairs praising her beauty, about which "the town had gone mad." His favorite role was to be the confidant and friend of those whom he singled out as distinguished among the rising generation.

But the main portion of the party consisted of young men and maidens. There were friends of the Duke of Islay, and several of Ronald Airlie's brother-officers in the Guards, eager to try their skill in tent-pegging and feats of arms against gay Carabineers and Lancers, with others of less martial but equally athletic capabilities—men who had combined sport with travel—men who had made themselves known already in politics, art or literature. "The best in town," murmured old Sir Julian approvingly, surveying them through his eye-glass. Then, scanning the faces of the gentler sex, the ancient critic turned to Guelda, beside whom he stood.

"I make you my best compliment, Miss Seaton," he observed, with a smiling glance of his shrewd eyes. "You have indeed gathered a bevy of fair women, a set of brave men. No selection could have been better made."

"Except that most of them tell me it is such a pity that Captain Airlie is not of the party. Every one declares he ought to be here," said Guelda artlessly. "I did send him an invitation through the duke, for he kindly gave Lady Grizel so much help in arranging the revels; but he either would not or could not come."

"Much better without him then! Why should he take such airs—eh?" sharply uttered old Lord Loudon, who stood close by, adding an oath that startled his granddaughter.

Sir Julian blandly hastened to change the subject, seeing a deep frown on his host's brow.

"Miss Seaton makes the most charming *chatelaine* I have seen for years, Loudon—so I have been jaking the liberty of telling her. She is quite a picture, with her little brother, like a pretty page, at her side."

Bino, as the Diplomatist spoke, was pressing shyly close to his sister, and seemed indeed to have stepped out of another century in his black velvet suit and costly point-lace collar and cuffs, chosen for him by Guelda. Indeed, her dress was a triumph of art—of palest rose, with "sheen of satin and glimmer of pearls." She looked radiant as Aurora's self.

"Yes, Bertrand is always dangling at her apron-string. Send that boy to bed, Guelda. He will never grow to be a man if you coset him and spoil him as you do. A little more better get up dancing for your guests, child, or they will be wanting Heaven knows whom or what next!"

He turned away sharply, while little Bino, after receiving a tender caress from his sister, shrank out of sight in an opposite direction. Guelda turned to Sir Julian with a shade of perplexity on her fair brow.

"My grandfather seems vexed. Can you tell me why? You always seem to understand everything."

The old diplomatist hemmed. He understood, remembering an old family tale, but did not like to tell her.

"A mere shadow, my dear. You know how a passing cloud will throw a shadow suddenly on a hillside that may be otherwise all sunshine; a mere word, an association, any trifle may bring such a cloud back to the minds of old people sometimes. We have enjoyed so much the garnered up during our past troubled lives. Do not concern yourself; it is nothing you know anything of."

"Yes; but if I knew, Sir Julian, I would so gladly avoid bringing the shadow in future."

"Time!" murmured the old man. "If necessary, some day I may perhaps tell you."

They were moving towards the ball-room, to obey Lord Loudon's behests, and thus ended Guelda's colloquy with Sir Julian, not regretting her thanks, for she liked and trusted her old friend. Then she called on Islay to aid her in beginning the dance, for the Duke was her faithful squire in all matters, and indeed had been standing waiting and watching his opportunity to approach her. There was a band in the house, hired against the morrow's festivities, and presently soft witching strains stole out from the musicians' gallery overhead, setting feet and pulses at once secretly beating to Strauss' waltzes.

"Will your Grace help me by finding a partner?" said Miss Guelda, dropping a pretty mock-imperious curtsy, for she knew Islay was a bad tenant in field than hall, more at home on a moor or on deck of a yacht than on a polished parquet.

"I will dance with you if I may; but I hate dancing with other people," he answered sturdily. "You are such a fairy; it is like gliding to waltz with you," added her infatuated admirer, who did not dance very well himself.

"Very well," smiled the girl, adding a little pleadingly. "But, if I give you this first dance, will you do me a favor, and yet not be vexed, do you think?"

"Anything you wish—that is, anything I can do," said the young man eagerly, ardently.

"Ah, but it is to do nothing but to wait for me!" explained Guelda, hesitatingly. "My poor little Bino! He never will sleep unless I go to see him when he is in bed. Grandfather would be vexed if he knew. You could mind? Thank you—thank you! I would rather ask you to do me a kindness than anyone else!"

"Is that true? Is that really so, Guelda?—I beg your pardon, Miss Seaton!" spoke up Islay with a slight tremor in his voice and a glance of fervid admiration as he led her out of the ball-room and down a corridor, where they were alone.

Guelda was a little startled at the sudden gleam in his eyes and the suppressed excitement, which showed the duke attached far more meaning to her words than she had intended they should convey. She felt friendly towards him—so friendly, in her impulsive fervidness, she quite had forgotten, or not rightly known, her power over this man, who so honestly loved her. True, he had never yet said so, but others had hinted at it, while she herself divined his secret. With a little coldness in her sweet voice, yet a frank, kind gaze, Guelda withdrew her hand from his arm, answering:

"Yes; of course it is true, as I am not ungrateful. Your sister has been always so very kind to me—very kind indeed! I my best friend. You too were perhaps my first one, and partly the cause of my present happiness, by your help when my grandfather was nearly killed in the forest."

"I—and Ronald Airlie," muttered Islay audibly, perforce honest to the absent, though answering the tone of her voice, which did disappointment. "And that is all? May I not hope for more—some day?" he asked humbly, with a longing look that smote Guelda like a reproach.

"That is all," she replied firmly, adding however, with a woman's pity, anxious to offer some balm to his wounded feelings; "but surely that is a great deal—more than I have offered to any other man—my true friend-ship!"

She would have left Islay, but he stopped her by an appealing gesture.

"One minute! I understand—I thank you. I am glad you consider me as a friend. Will you do more—think of me as an elder brother? You are young, beautiful, but almost alone in the world, for your grandfather is very old, and Bino still a child. Remember, some day you may need a man's disinterested advice, and a man's protection. Remember it may be—the smallest or the greatest thing—will you promise to ask my aid? Believe me, it would be the truest pleasure you could grant me!"

His tone was so earnest, his manner, his look so entirely seconded his words—for there was a sadness, yet utter fealty, in his eyes—that Guelda's heart was moved.

"You are very good," she said softly. "Indeed I would gladly come to you in need."

"Promise me then!" Islay, urged, holding out his hand.

"I promise," returned Guelda, laying her small palm in his broad clasp for a second.

Islay stood looking after her slight figure after it had flitted away.

"I asked her too soon," he said to himself.

CHAPTER X.

It was the day of the harvest revels at Sheen Abbey. From two o'clock a steady stream of country-folk, mingled with the carriages of the gentry around for miles, had poured through the lodge gates towards the scene of the festivity. A roar of applauding welcome along the line greeted the appearance of a great open-sides vans tightly packed with "free foresters," Guelda's old friends and neighbors. Every man, woman and child of them had tried to get bough in their hands, with perhaps a sprig in the hat as well, so that the forest seemed sending greetings to the Abbey, with a fairy-like effect. Likewise many of the country-people brought posies, and some of the young men had trimmed their caps with ears of corn in honor Guelda's revels.

The sun was shining in royal majesty. Towards four o'clock his beams still lay wide and warm on the long tents of the tilting-ground on which the people sat in serried ranks on the grass was sheltered by the oak woods behind, only the topmost boughs of which were touched to incandescence by the sun's rays. There was a cobalt sky above, a green woodland view around, in front a grassy amphitheatre ringed by peopled faces.

The revels began with some sports for the country lads, such as wrestling and throwing heavy weights. These were now over, and Lord Loudon himself had given the signal, standing before a gay tent adorned with flags which sheltered all the ladies of the assemblage. But this prelude only whetted curiosity. All were waiting on the tiptoe of expectation for what should follow.

Presently an eager murmur ran through the crowd—all heads were turned in one direction—then came a louder buzz of exclamations, swelling into a great roar of welcome and admiration. Down a grassy ride a gay procession was seen at intervals through the trees, and in a few minutes it defiled out of the wood into the tilting-ground below. Burst forth loud and inspiriting strains of music in greeting.

First came troops of little children wreathed with garlands, and lads carrying flags, then young men dressed as haymakers or reapers and decked with ribbons and wheat-ears. They were lustily singing a harvest song, joined by the voices of a number of village-girls, who followed, and who were likewise gaily bedizened. Then slowly and majestically came, drawn by four white oxen, on which sat high enthroned Guelda herself, as the Harvest Queen. The car was a great wagon piled around with wheat-sheaves and ornamented with devices of fruit, flowers, and plaited corn. Four maids of honor surrounded her, of whom Lady Grizel was one. Little Bertrand in a page's dress of crimson velvet, stood beside his sister, his pale small face all alight with childish vanity on hearing himself remarked on by the crowd as the future lord of the little hall. Behind, in another car, were grouped all the queen's fair attendants and friends. But towards their mistress from her eyes turned as by polled iron which all the revels shone forth. She was dressed in a royal robe of woolen white, trimmed and lined with ermine, and a diadem of silver might have worn in her war-chariot when leading forth her troops to battle. A wreath of gilded wheat-ears set on her small golden head made a crown glorious to her thoughts for many there, than any royal diadem; and from the center of this wreath fell a soft white veil in graceful folds upon her shoulders and back. Nothing could have been simpler or more effective. "A goddess veiled in a cloud," thought one admirer, forgetting her vanity, none knew yet, though soon he was to excite the keenest curiosity.

The pageant, after passing slowly round the grassy ring of the theatre, halted opposite to the spectators, where the queen took up her place of honor. Behind the two cars rode a guard, a knight of white, there were half-hundreds of welcome from the crowd. It consisted of most of the young men staying at Sheen, with about twenty of the neighbors, who, they were to be the competitors in the coming tournament. The Duke of Islay was their leader; and all wore scarves and caps of their favorite colors, besides being got up in suitable pageant-tume. They carried spears with little fluttering pennons, and, to the especial delight of the spectators, their faces were hidden. In spite of the latter disguise, many of the riders were nevertheless recognized by their appearance.

But one mysterious black mask puzzled them all. In passing down the ride, a solitary horseman was seen awaiting the procession by the edge of the wood. As Guelda's car approached, this rider urged his splendid black horse forward by a series of bounds; then, drawing rein so sharply that the fiery creature was almost thrown upon its haunches, with a low reverence he presented a paper on his spear-point.

A murmur of surprised wonder ran through the procession. Who was he? None of the men recognized the horse, though its matchless points challenged admiration. A nameless something in the new-comer's air and grace made the Harvest Queen's heart suddenly flutter like a bird, while a wild hope thrilled through her. Her hand trembled as she held to take the paper. But, as Guelda's eyes fixed themselves eagerly on the stranger, as if striving to pierce his black mask, her sudden joy died away, for his hand was gloved, and his black velvet scarf embroidered in silver, or his cap.

No: this was not he the mere sight of whom in the distance, once or twice this year, had made her turn suddenly pale, faint with the disappointment of her great secret longing. This was not he the remembrance of whose face, looking once into hers in the green forest, had taught Guelda what love, strong as death, overmastering, such a love as comes but once in a lifetime, and that in few lives, could be.

And yet—and yet what was there in this stranger's manner and appearance which moved Guelda with a secret trouble that no other man but one had ever yet stirred within her breast? Who was he?

The wonderment in the harvest procession concerning the mysterious stranger was at its height when the queen handed his missive to the Duke of Islay, who rode at her right hand.

Islay proclaimed aloud a humble petition setting forth in old-fashioned courtly language that the bearer thereof was a wanderer in this country, and bound by a vow of silence—how that also, hearing of the fame of the Harvest Queen and her revels at Sheen, he prayed leave to join in the tourney and to strive with others for at least a smile out of her royal bounty, if haply he might not win the prize she deigned to bestow on the worthiest of her servitors.

"It is generous, Guelda," he concluding up a gracious smile, in spite of the disappointment which still ached like a wound in her heart.

The Wanderer bowed low, and then joined the cavalcade behind, mutely inclining his head in answer to Guelda's laughing attempts to break through his reserve.

"By Jove, the fellow sits like a centaur! Who can he be?" was murmured around.

"Why, one of our set—Scrope or Wyndham!"

"No, no; there they are—one in blue and one in lilac. Besides, we don't know the horse. It must be some one from the neighborhood."

But the young country squires were as puzzled as the house-party. None could guess the black mask's identity. A loud trumpet-call interrupted all conjecture however, for the tournament was to begin.

In all the feats of horsemanship and skill which now took place on the green ring before her car, the Harvest Queen's eyes, almost against her will, were always drawn to follow the gallant black horse and its black-masked rider. Again and again he snatched victory from those who till now had been the favorites in the predictions of the on-lookers. Cheers burst out repeatedly, ending the welkin as man and horse galloped by surpassing most of the competitors.

"He has been practising—of us! Only Scrope and Wyndham are fit to try against him!" exclaimed Islay, riding up to Guelda's car with vexation in his honest voice. "I have never seen any fellow to equal him excepting Ronald Airlie. I wish to Heaven he had come; then your prize would not fall to some stranger from nowhere, I fear."

"How do you know he is a stranger? He would not need a vow of silence unless he is afraid of being recognized by his voice," said Lady Grizel quietly, as she sat below Guelda; and the latter intuitively discerned that her friend somehow shared her own interest in the black masked stranger. She also silently noticed that Grizel's eyes followed the Wanderer's figure with apparently as intent secret interest as her own.

Islay, in his turn, had seen Guelda's intensely earnest gaze following the stranger.

"She has eyes only for him. I will try to win this time," he muttered, between his teeth.

(To be Continued.)

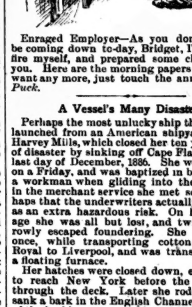
Success of Sam Jones.

Good Deacon—My friend—my dear friend, how happy I am to see you at Rev. Sam Jones' revival meetings; but, after all, perhaps my hopes are not well founded. As you are a literary man, perhaps you come as a reporter, and are not here of your own accord.

Bohemian—I come here simply for my own benefit.

Good Deacon—I am delighted to hear that.

Bohemian—Yes. You see I am getting up a new dictionary of slang.



Enraged Employer—As you don't seem to be coming down to-day, Bridget, I've built the chicken-coop out of the prepaid sums chucked at you. Here are the morning papers; and if you want any more, just touch the annunciator!—*Puck.*

A Vessel's Many Disasters.

Perhaps the most unlucky ship that was ever launched from an American shipyard was the Harvest Bride, which cleared some years ago for disaster by sinking off Cape Flattery on the last day of December, 1885. She was launched on Christmas Day and was baptized in blood, killing a workman when gliding into the water. Even in the merchant service she met so many mishaps that the underwriters actually classed her as an extra hazardous risk. On her first voyage she was all but lost, and twice she narrowly escaped foundering. She was on fire once, while transporting cotton from Port Royal to Liverpool, and was transformed into a floating furnace.

Her hatches were closed down, enabling her to reach New York before the flames came through the deck. Later she rode down and sank a bark in the English Channel, and none of the bark's crew escaped to tell their side of the story. On her next voyage she was dismasted by a hurricane. Twice she was given up for lost, and when at last she battled successfully with the frightful gales off Cape Flattery, twenty-one of the twenty-four unfortunates on board were engulfed so quickly when she sank that they could not even grasp a spar.

Opportunities are very sensitive things. If you slight them on their first visit they seldom come again.

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

At last the "formal introduction" had been achieved, and Percy and Hazel could now recognize each other without fear of comment.

Percy bowed and simply repeated her name after Sir Henry, though there was a look of grave reproach in his eyes, as Hazel met them and briefly returned his greeting, that smote her keenly.

Fortunately the servant brought the wine just then and Sir Henry insisted upon her drinking it, or she might have broken down and betrayed herself.

She sipped a little of it, then turning to the duchess, she said:

"I think I must go home now. Mrs. Stewart will wonder what has kept me."

"Of course you must, dear child," her grace returned, with great kindness, "and you look as if you needed care yourself; the excitement has been too much for you. Come with me; my carriage is still waiting and I will take you home."

They all passed out upon the veranda where they were met by Mrs. Stewart and Lord Nelson.

He had repaired directly to her house upon his return, where he found Belle just telling her mother what had happened. Instead of going in to Sir Henry's with the others, she had leaped from the carriage and gone directly home, and Lord Nelson had arrived just in season to escort Mrs. Stewart to the house of the great physician.

The young lord, after saluting the party, turned his attention to his grandmother and Hazel, while Mrs. Stewart was conducted directly to Helena by Mrs. Harwood.

"You are ill," said Lord Nelson, looking anxiously into the fair, pale face of the young girl, and speaking in a tone that sent a keen pang to Percy's heart.

Hazel smiled faintly, but assured him that see was not ill.

His manner was so tender and solicitous when he assisted her into the carriage, wrapping a robe about her and throwing his arm around her to protect her from the dew, that Percy, watching from the veranda, was filled with jealous pain, and had hard work to keep himself from dashing out, taking Hazel forcibly from the carriage, and claiming her as his own before them all.

He reproached himself bitterly for having yielded to Hazel's request, but it was too late now to right matters without making a very awkward scene, and he was obliged to hold his peace.

"That young sprig of nobility is learning to love her," he said to himself, "and I am afraid she will be lost to me forever. Oh! Hazel, Hazel! it would kill me to have to give you to another."

Still, he could but acknowledge that this sprig of nobility was a very promising young man, and that, if he should lay his hand and fortune at Hazel's feet, a brilliant career would lie before her—a career which he would have no right to mar from any selfish consideration.

Hazel was very glad to get back to the privacy of her own room, where she could indulge her painful emotions, and she literally wept herself to sleep.

Nothing could give her greater pain than to feel that Percy was offended with her, and when she came to reflect on their interview, she feared that she had made a mistake. Still, she had acted on a generous impulse to save him from censure; she had told him so, and she thought it rather hard that he should be angry with her for it.

It was too late now, however, to rectify her blunder if blunder it was, and she could only make the best of it, and let matters take their course.

The next morning she awoke much refreshed after her night's rest, although she had been pale was still in her heart, and she had not fully regained her color. Still, she would not omit a single duty, although Mrs. Stewart, out of the abundance of her gratitude for what she had done for Helena, told her to rest for two or three days if she wished.

She did not wish; to have been idle would have been misery for her; so the lessons were gone through with, and the practice, also, as faithfully done as ever.

Percy assisted her to alight, and supported her to the house. She was somewhat pale from loss of blood, but was bright and animated and seemed to exceedingly enjoy the attentions of her handsome attendant.

Hazel was sitting alone at one end of the veranda when they arrived; Belle had gone out riding with Marie Earlescourt and Charles Harwood—and her heart sank within her as she noticed how confidingly Helena leaned upon Percy's arm, and the earnest, absorbed look which she turned to him as she conversed with him.

Mrs. Stewart met them at the door, and invited Dr. Morton to enter, but he politely declined, saying that he and Sir Henry were going for a drive.

"But," he added, with his rare smile, "he has commissioned me to inquire for Miss Gay. She seemed somewhat unsettled by the events of yesterday, and he feared that she would be ill."

"Oh, Miss Gay is all right," Mrs. Stewart replied, as she gave her arm to Helena to assist her to her room; "she is out upon the veranda, somewhere—reading, I believe.

"With your permission I will speak with her," said Percy, whose keen eyes had already discovered Hazel's whereabouts.

"Oh, certainly, if you wish," the lady responded, indifferently.

Percy hastened toward the young girl. His conscience had reproached him for his harshness last evening, and he was eager to make amends.

As he approached the spot where she sat, removing his hat and bowing before her, no one would have suspected that they were aught but strangers to each other.

But his low, eager "Hazel, are you better today?" betrayed his deep interest and tender regard for her.

"Yes, I am quite well; but oh! Percy, tell me that you are not angry with me," she returned, tears starting to her eyes.

He smiled fondly upon her; she was very lovely in her sweet contrition, and, he longed to gather her into his arms and kiss away the cloud from her brow.

"I am not pleased with the hard terms that you made with me yesterday," he said, with reproachful tenderness, "but I am much too fond of you to remain angry with you very long. Shake hands with me, dear, and let us forget all unpleasantness, for I am going back to London on the evening train."

She laid her hand in his, and Sir Henry, watching them from the carriage, imagined that the young physician was merely counting her pulse.

"Going back!" Hazel repeated, with a regretful sigh, "and have you decided?"

"Yes, I have decided to accept Sir Henry's offer, and henceforth I am to be associated with him in business. It is a brilliant opening for me, Hazel, and I only hope that I shall prove myself worthy of it."

"I am not afraid; you are worthy of anything, Percy," Hazel replied, with a glance that set his pulses bounding with hope.

"Time will prove that," he returned. "But I must say, good-bye. Take good care of yourself, dear—I do not like these pale cheeks—and you must write to me as usual. I may run down to Brighton again soon, and will not fail to see you then."

"You are very good to me, Percy. I was afraid—"

"Well, of what were you afraid, my pet?" he asked, as she faltered.

"That you would not forgive me—"

"I have not," he interposed, flushing slightly, but still smiling, "and I shall not, quite, until you tell me I was wrong to."

Hazel blushed crimson at this.

"I am sorry —" she began, humbly, when Percy laughed outright."

"You look so pretty, Hazel, with that lovely color in your cheeks that I should surely kiss you if Sir Henry were not looking, and in spite of the fact that you refused my request last evening. But I must go, or my superior will think that I am a great while in making my professional inquiries. *Au revoir*, dear, and be sure that you write to me often."

He lifted his hat again, bowing with mocking formality before her, and then went away, leaving her greatly cheered, for she saw that, while he was far from being reconciled to their present relations, he did not cherish anger toward her. Her face was very bright after the little visit, and no one had occasion to remark upon her lack of color again that day.

CHAPTER XXI.

HELENA RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Sir Henry Harwood and Percy Morton, M.D., became associated in business from that day.

Percy returned to Kingston where he remained just long enough to settle his affairs, then repaired to London and took his station in the handsome office of the eminent city physician.

Sir Henry had been very strongly attracted to him during their first meeting at Osterly Park. He saw at once that he was a young man of no ordinary talent, and that he bade fair to stand in the front rank in his profession.

It had been a deep disappointment to the great physician that his son, Charlie, had not shown a taste for the study of medicine, for it had been the hope of his life that he would eventually succeed to his practice and position; but since it was distasteful to him, and he had preferred the law, he would not attempt to force his inclinations and had forced work to keep himself from dashing out, taking Hazel forcibly from the carriage, and claiming her as his own before them all.

He reproached himself bitterly for having yielded to Hazel's request, but it was too late now to right matters without making a very awkward scene, and he was obliged to hold his peace.

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Helena colored a vivid red.

She was silent for a moment, and evidently struggling with some inward emotion.

At last she said, in a low, impassioned voice:

"Mamma, you thwarted me once; let me advise you never to meddle with me again."

"But it was for your good. Your life would have been ruined if you had persisted in—"

"Hush!" Helena interrupted, imperatively; but she was pale as snow now, "I will not hear one word of that now."

"You are very ungrateful. Think of the money that I have spent trying to help you win a proud position," replied Mrs. Stewart, tearfully.

She was always worsted in an argument of this kind with Helena.

"We will not discuss the subject further," returned Miss Stewart, haughtily; and, rising, she swept from the room, closing the door with no light sound behind her.

The girl had at last found her match. Hitherto she had made every one bow to her and render homage at her shrine; now the order was reversed, and her proud heart had yielded its most sacred affection to Percy Morton, and she was forced to acknowledge that she loved him as she had never expected to love any one.

The spell had begun to be woven about her that morning at Osterly, when he had made his second call upon her and spoken to her in conversing with her; but, perchance, if he had never come to Brighton it might have been gradually discovered, and she would, eventually, have married Lord Nelson.

As it was, however, every time she had met Percy the charm of his presence had enthralled her more and more, until now she knew that life would be void for her if she could not succeed in winning him.

That very evening there was to be a reception at Crescent Villa, and Percy had accepted an invitation, more because he hoped to see Hazel than for any other reason.

He had only met her two or three times since that morning when he said good-bye to her on the veranda, and then only in the presence of others. Lord Nelson or Charles Harwood were invariably hovering about her, and he had not been able to get one word of private conversation with her.

He was beginning to be very jealous of the young lord's attentions to her, and yet common sense told him that if Hazel loved him, and wished to marry him, he should be glad to have her do so well, and would rejoice at the brilliant future awaiting her.

But his heart cried out in despair against any such alliance. He loved her so wholly that it was torture to think of her being won by any another.

He went a little early this evening to Mrs. Stewart's, hoping to get a few moments alone with her before any one else claimed her.

He met her in the hall, as he entered.

She had just come down from her chamber, and was looking very beautiful in her pure white dress, garnished with bows of delicate pink satin, and carrying in her hands a bunch of long-stemmed pink rosebuds, tied with silver ribbons.

There was no one else in the hall just then—no one to see how she greeted him, for which she was truly thankful; and she sprang eagerly forward to clasp his outstretched hand.

"How glad I am to see you all by myself, Percy," she said, in a low, earnest tone, and with a swift upward glance of delight, that set his pulses throbbing more quickly than usual, and proved the truth of her words. "I knew that you were invited," she continued, "but I have been almost afraid that something would prevent your coming."

"Then you do me the honor to think of me occasionally," he returned, with a bright smile.

"Occasionally," she repeated, with rising color; "I think of you every day I live."

"Truly, Hazel?" he asked, bending to look earnestly into her eyes.

"Truly, Percy," she repeated, coloring again, and fearing she had said too much; "you know I never tell stories. But how well you are looking. Brighton air must agree with you."

"And with you, too, dear. I never saw you so blooming. But," with a glance at her flowers, "what beautiful buds. Where did you get them?"

"Lord Hartwell sent them to me. They are lovely, and you shall have one, the very prettiest, for a boutonniere."

And she began to search for one to give him.

"No, thank you," Percy returned, coldly, stung with jealousy that Lord Nelson should have been the giver. "You shall keep your bouquet; his lordship would not feel flattered to see me wearing his favors."

Something in his tone made Hazel blush again and feel very uncomfortable; but she did not press her offer, and her enjoyment of her flowers was destroyed from that moment.

They had scarcely begun to talk of something else when Hazel heard a light step behind her, and then a voice said, with incisive distinctness:

"Miss Gay, Belle needs you. Will you go to her?"

Then Helena Stewart, in an exquisite toilet of black lace over maize-colored silk, with sprigs of golden wheat disposed among the draperies, and with gleaming topazes upon her neck and arms, came sweeping forward with her brilliant smile and extended hand to greet Dr. Morton.

Hazel turned away with very bright eyes, for she had caught the angry gleam that Helena shot at her as she passed, and went upstairs to find that Miss Stewart had told an untruth to get her out of her way.

Belle did not need her, and was just emerging from the hands of her maid, looking both pretty and piquant in pink tulle and white roses.

When they went down together they found the guests arriving thick and fast. Lord Nelson and Charlie Harwood, as Belle now familiarly called the latter gentleman, were among them, and both hastened forward to greet the young girls.

Mr. Harwood secured the first dance with Hazel, but Lord Nelson kept her card a long time, and when he returned it she found his name upon it in four places.

Her time was so monopolized after that, that she saw nothing more of Percy for a long while for he was not among the dancers; but while she was resting, after a delightful waltz with Lord Nelson, he came to her and, holding out his hand, asked for her card.

It was nearly full, and his face fell.

"Do you enjoy it?" he asked.

"Indeed I do," she replied, with animation. "You seem to be quite a favorite. Which will you give me?"

"Whichever you choose of what is left," she replied.

He wrote his name in every empty space, and then quietly returned the card to her, and she wondered why he looked so grave and pale.

As it happened, the very next dance was one that he had chosen.

"Come," he said, as the music struck up, and holding out his arm to her.

She arose and took it, but instead of leading her upon the floor, he went out through the hall upon the veranda.

"Where are you taking me, Percy?" she asked.

"For a promenade in the air. You have danced enough in those close rooms, at least for the present. Do you object?"

"No," she said, in a low tone, which he mistook for disappointment; but if he could have known how intensely happy she was to have him all to herself, he need not have been so grave and self-contained.

They paced back and forth in the moonlight for some time, Percy telling her of his plans and prospects in London, and questioning her, more freely than he had yet had an opportunity to do, regarding her life at Brighton, and this quiet, confidential chat seemed like old times, and made them both forget, for the time, the barriers which had so lately risen between them.

But Hazel's good time was finally interrupted by hearing some one calling to her that Mrs. Stewart wanted her to go in and sing something.

It was Helena again.

She was standing in the door-way, and the glance that she flashed at her as she passed in made her shiver, although she said, with marked politeness:

"Miss Gay, mamma has been looking for you for some time. Will you kindly go to her now?"

"Allow me to conduct you," Percy said, as he followed Hazel, and he gave his arm to her again, bowing gravely to Miss Stewart as he passed in. He, too, had caught that scathing look, quick as it was.

Helena's white teeth came together with a snap.

"That minx is carrying matters with a high hand. They were amazingly confidential, it seems to me, for recent acquaintances. Does she think she can win everybody, the arrant little flirt? If mamma won't take her down from her stilts I must," she muttered, an angry flush staining her cheek.

She turned back and entered the drawing-room, to find Hazel singing like a bird, while Percy Morton stood near and watched her with a look that aroused all the worst passions of Helena's nature.

When Hazel had completed her song she slipped quietly from the room, and no one seemed to be aware of the fact save Helena, who, after a moment, followed her.

She went up to her room, hoping to find her there, but it was empty. She then went upon the verandah, and thought she saw her out in the grounds.

She stole back into the house for a shawl then, with her eyes glittering with suppressed anger and hatred, her cheeks scarlet from the hot blood that was coursing like molten lava in her veins; she passed down the steps, and made her way after the white figure which she had seen a few moments previous, while her delicate hands were clenched until the nails cut into their palms, and she looked like a Nemesis bent upon vengeance.

Helena Stewart was a terrible being when she gave the rein to her passion.

She walked with a firm, swift tread down the graveled avenue toward the sea, until she came to a small summer-house.

She peered within this, but no white figure was visible; in the darkness she could distinguish nothing. She turned and glanced behind her, but nothing was moving as far as she could see, and after a moment of hesitation, she stepped into the place, seated herself upon a low couch by the entrance, and bowed her head upon her hands.

She sat there for several moments without moving, apparently oblivious of everything but the fierce passion raging within her, as she thought of that look upon Percy Morton's face as he stood beside Hazel while she was singing.

Was her sister's governess about to win the only man in the world who could make her life happy?

Suddenly she became conscious of a human presence beside her, although she heard no steps, perceived no movement.

The next moment a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a low voice, hoarse with emotion, said in her ear:

"Helena, at last you will have to hear me!"

She sprang to her feet, and with a cry of fear, and in the dim light, to which she had gradually become unaccustomed, saw the figure of a man standing beside her.

"Chester! is it you—again?" she panted.

"Yes. Sit down; I have something of importance to say to you," and he moved forward the chair from which she had just arisen.

But she evaded him with a quick spring, and darting out of the summer-house, sped with fear-winged feet back toward the mansion; but as she went, she caught the ominous words:

"You are playing with fire, Helena. Helena. A time of reckoning must surely come."

(To be Continued.)

Novelties of the Ocean.

The Pacific Ocean is vitally different from the Atlantic, and Pacific Ocean travel offers almost as many new things as one of the countries of Europe. We have seen all on deck of an Atlantic ship you are in England. As soon as you land your baggage in the stateroom of a Pacific steamer you are in China, says the Philadelphia Times. The ships are manned entirely by Chinamen with the exception of the chief officers, and you drop into the land of the Celestials the moment you lose sight of San Francisco. The steerage passengers are all Chinese. Your food is cooked by Chinese cooks and your rooms are cared for by white gowned, almond eyed men in pigtails.

The waiters, the sailors and the coal heavers are Chinamen, and on the Gaelic the European crew consisted of a number over a dozen. I watched the sailors closely, and Captain Pearne, who is one of the oldest captains on the Pacific Ocean, tells me they make better seamen than the English or the Americans. They are conscientious in their work and do not shirk. They never talk back, and if they swear it is in their own language. They never get drunk, and the only time they grumble is when their rice is not of the best quality.

The Chinese women wear a dress which is a cross between that of the American Chinese washerman and the pure Celestial. It is extremely light and consists as a rule of two garments. These are a wide, shirt-like gown and a pair of pantaloons which are as full as those of a Zouave and which fall loosely about their yellow skinned legs. Some of the men wear shoes and some of them do not, and the skin of their feet is of the dark, rich bronze of their faces. They have sailor's hats, which fit closely down above their almond eyes, and each one has a big knife, which he carries in a case attached to the centre of the back of his waistband and resting as it were on the small of his back. Their chief food is rice and they use chop sticks in eating it. They get fifty cents a day and consider themselves well paid.

Fifteen days is a short time in which to go over 5,000 miles of water, but the Oriental and Occidental is the best line of Pacific steamers afloat, and our captain has made the fastest time on record, which is 15 days and 22 hours. As to accommodations our steamer was fully as good as any steamer of the Atlantic, and the cooking of the Chinaman was fully up to that of a French chef. The service was excellent, and though for 14 days we did not see a ship nor anything save the broad expanse of water bounded by the horizon, we felt as safe as though we were riding up the Hudson. During this 15 days' voyage not one of the passengers became sick or missed a meal. We had none of the storms of the Atlantic nor the frost winds of the banks of Newfoundland.

Horrors Accumulate.

Badger—Just over, Tommy? How does everything look on the other side?

Wamples—Worse and worse, old man. Germany, Austria, and Russia have undoubtedly formed a tripartite alliance against England, with France as a decoy, and right on top of it another American woman has snubbed the Prince of Wales.

WEDDING RINGS

All Sizes

Weights

and Prices

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CHERRY MANTELS,
MAHOGANY MANTELS,
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The Best Houses in Toronto fitted up with

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70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen on

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

F. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

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407 YONGE ST. 407

Hair Goods of Every Style and Description. Fringes, Waves, Switches, Wigs, etc., on hand or made to order on shortest notice. Best quality, best finish, and lowest price. Just received, the latest styles in Hair Ornaments — Real Tortoise-shell and Real Amber Goods

Armand's Hair Store

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Between Queen and McGill Streets, TORONTO.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

For removing Tan, Freckles, Blemishes, and Imparting Beauty and Freshness to the Complexion, Clearness, Softness and Smoothness to the Skin.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, 1874.

MR. GEO. W. LAIRD: I have received and used, with great pleasure and delight, the "BLOOM OF YOUTH," and find it superior to any Cosmetic Toilet Preparation in Europe. It imparts to the complexion beauty and brilliancy. With many thanks,

Yours, with great esteem,

SIGNORA RISTORI.

The "BLOOM OF YOUTH" has been in use nearly twenty years, and has been used by over a million of ladies, including the opera singers, actresses and professional ladies generally, and always gives the utmost satisfaction. The proprietor could publish a book of testimonials, but secrecy forbids.

This delightful preparation has been chemically analyzed by the *Board of Health*, and declared harmless and in no way injurious to the skin or health.

For Sale by all Druggists Price 50 cents per Bottle

An Unfamiliar Toy.

Uncle George of California has sent his little nephew a pretty pet.
Little Nephew—Come, bunny, bunny!

Bunny isn't afraid of his little Joseph. Nice bunny, bun——

Bunny—I reckon that infant never saw a California jack-rabbit before!—*Judge.*

The Three Little Royal Princesses.

They were three bright little girls with long and waving hair, who merrily ran about and played in the garden on the road to Jugenheim. All the inhabitants of the good free city of Frankfort knew them. At that time, twenty-five years ago, many things were different in this district on the banks of the Main; there were things which since have vanished—a free city, a Bundestag, and diplomatists of all nationalities; and when the clever gentlemen went past the three little girls, which happened very often, they bowed very low to them, and murmured mysterious words, such as the law of succession of 1853, Schleswig, the question of duchies, complication, German confederacy, etc. But the little girls heeded them not; they had other and more important things to think of; they had to learn diligently, and had to sew their own dresses. Dagmar had even learned to cut them out; they all could sew, and therefore made their own toilettes, for which purpose each of them received twelve shillings (four thaler) a month, which must suffice to dress them from head to foot, boots and shoes included.

And truly, they were marvellously pretty in their simple thin cotton frocks—for at that time thin cotton was worn, which was not only much cheaper, but also much more durable than muslin, taritatane, and lace. Only the boots wore out far too soon, which was often a great trouble to the little girls, who were always dancing and jumping about. How often had they not been told not to run about so much on the gravel paths, where the boots get so quickly torn; it was of no good, they always forgot, and danced and jumped the more, because their hearts were light and free from trouble. Perhaps they would have behaved better had they known that one day they were to be respectively an empress, a queen, and a duchess. But who could have dreamed of that? Certainly not the three little girls, for they were only the daughters of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg, who—in expectation of the crown of Denmark—gave drawing lessons in order to increase his modest income. One day the crown did come, and the three little girls were seen no more in the garden on the road to Jugenheim; at supper time they were no longer summoned home—"Alexandra, Dagmar, and Thyra, quickly come in to supper, papa has come home." Alexandra, Dagmar, and Thyra had become Royal Highnesses, the daughters of the King of Denmark. And this was only the beginning of the splendor.

Alexandra became Princess of Wales. Some day she will be "Queen of the United Kingdom of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of their Colonies and Dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia; Empress of India, Defender of the Faith." Thus says the Gotha Calendar, and that never tells any lies. For twenty years the Princess of Wales has waited for the triple crown, but Queen Victoria does not think of descending from her throne. And Princess Alexandra waits gladly, for she is a thoroughly loyal, high-minded woman, and very fond of her mother-in-law, Queen Victoria. She appears to the public pleasant, elegant, and a universally acknowledged leader of fashion, taste, and manners; time goes on without leaving a trace on her; her daughters grow up, her sons become bearded men, but she remains always the same.

She opens and visits hospitals, furthers all kinds of philanthropic schemes, is officially interested in science and art in England, invents costumes, makes things and people fashionable, and reigns with smiling grace over the boundless empire of frivolities, of ephemeral playthings, and of the absurdities of the fickle goddess of the day. This is for the present her part in the world, and she has accepted it and plays it with pleasure, according to the world. But her friends—and happily she possesses such—say that sometimes in the gloaming she sits silently before the big fire-place in the large hall at Sandringham, gazing into the fire; at such times she neither sees nor hears what passes around her, and does not heed the weeping of Princess Maud or the talking of Prince Albert. "Her Royal Highness is asleep," say the courtiers; but they are mistaken. Her Royal Highness is thinking of the little Alexandra at Jugenheim, who sewed her cotton frocks, and who once thought it was her vocation to marry a small German prince, who would be very faithful and very domesticated, and who would make her very happy.

Dagmar, the second of the three sisters, has become Empress of all the Russias. Her empire stretches from one end of the world to the other, and the simple moushik and the wild Tartar alike see in her the mighty sovereign lady who rules, though this does not appear, over everything and everybody around her, the Emperor of the Russias not excluded. Yet she has remained gentle, good and lovely as she was twenty-five years ago, when she fitted her own and her sisters' dresses. In the vast empire of Russia, eaten up by corruption, undermined by Nihilism, where hardly anything is respected, where murderers dog the steps of the Tzar, not a voice dares to raise itself against the empress, for everybody knows that she is good to the poor, sad with the sad and pitiful to the oppressed; and for these reasons Dagmar, now Maria Feodrovna, is beloved everywhere in Russia, and she knows that she is beloved. She is the good genius of her consort, who has faith only in her; of her children, to whom she is a strict but affectionate mother; to Russia which shelters, to Denmark which defends her.

Thyra, the third and youngest of the three sisters, became Duchess of Cumberland. She would, at present, be Queen of Hanover had not the throne been overturned in 1866. At Jugenheim she used to be called the little one, and she has always remained the same to her family. Her two big sisters indulge her, spoil her, and fulfil her every wish, so that it almost looks as if they were trying to indemnify her because she has not received a crown. Alas! why weigh the aching head of the little Duchess down with the weight of a crown? Or rather, we should say the crown she wears is not inferior to the proud crowns of Russia and England. Wherever she is seen surrounded by her children, pale, thin, with eyes feverishly brilliant and red with tears, Duchess Thyra of Cumberland is lowly and reverently saluted. And when last year, during her severe illness, she had to be separated from her family in order to allow the weary spirit to rest, and the restless soul to become quieted, everybody felt that misfortune had lent a higher majesty to the much-tried Princess than heraldry had lent to her brilliant sisters. And who can wonder that the little Duchess longs for the days at Jugenheim, when no heavy velvet robes pressed on her weak shoulders, and when, under the thin cotton frock, her heart beat lightly, when she was a poor Princess, but a happy child!

The Children's Crusades.

There were no less than three of those movements called children's crusades—the first in the year 1212, the second in 1237 and the third in 1256.

The first is the one usually referred to as the children's crusade, because it far surpassed the others in magnitude and importance. It consisted of two distinct movements. At about the same time, in the early summer of 1212, two immense armies of children were gathered at Cologne in Germany, and at Marseilles in France, in response to the summons of boy prophets, who believed, or affected to believe, themselves inspired by Heaven. The majority of these children were boys, but there were thousands of girls with them also.

The prophet leaders are known to history as Stephen of Cloys, France, and Nicholas of Cologne, both boys of about twelve years of age. The crusade which they preached was not a crusade of blood against the fierce Saracens, but a crusade of prayer. The children were to march to the sea, which would open, as it once did for the Israelites, to permit them to pass over to Palestine dry-shod. They would convert the leaders of Islam, baptize the heathen and, by prayer and faith, accomplish what armored hosts of kings and knights had failed to do.

The excitement caused by this preaching soon spread among the children of all classes like a plague, and no remonstrance, tears, or even force, on the part of parents and guardians, had any effect in checking the epidemic. If they were locked up to keep them from joining the followers of the boy prophets, the little ones either died in convulsions or pined to death in hopeless melancholy, their natural affection for home and parents seeming to have been utterly destroyed by the prevalent mania.

Nor was the frenzy confined to the children of the poorer classes, or the *bourgeoisie* only; it also reached the homes of nobility and drew from their ancestral castles the heirs of the knights and barons.

Finally a cry of heresy was raised against all who attempted or desired to check the mania by strong measures, and superstition and fanaticism both combined to rob all parents of their just authority.

Within short intervals of each other, two unarmed hosts of German children—nearly all of them under twelve years of age, and many of them girls—left Cologne to march over the sea to the Holy Land. The first was led by the famous Nicholas; the second by a boy whose name is not known. Their combined numbers are believed to have been forty thousand. In the same month an army of French children left Vendome, on the same crusade, under Stephen; this numbered about thirty thousand.

The German children crossed the awful Alpine passes—which great generals had never traversed without great difficulty—and descended into Italy to gain the sea; Nicholas crossing the pass of Mont Cenis, the other leader that of Mont St. Gothard. The losses of the former army between Cologne and Italy were thirteen thousand children; those of the latter were seventeen thousand. The French army had lost ten thousand of its number before it reached Marseilles, heat and hunger strewing its path with corpses. Probably of the seventy thousand children who joined this crusade less than twenty thousand were ever heard of afterward by their parents. Most of those who survived were those who could not keep up with the rest, but fell behind, and were cared for by the people of the districts through which they passed, and finally restored to their homes.

When the army of Nicholas reached Genoa, and found that the sea would not open to let them pass, there was a general breaking up. The humane Genoese cared for and fed the waifs, and offered to assist them all to return to their homes. Some, discouraged, accepted the kind offer, but the larger number passed on to Pisa, whence they obtained passage by ship to the Holy Land.

A part of the army of German children under the unknown leader also gained Brindisi, on the coast, and were thence, we are told, shipped to Palestine. Those of the two bands who did not perish on the passage were sold as slaves to the Turks and Saracens.

Of the French children five thousand fared equally bad, for they were induced by cunning merchants of Marseilles to take ship with them for the Holy Land, and all who survived the voyage sold, like the German children, as slaves.

Materially Different.

Dudley—How much do you weigh, Marion?
Hawbert—Ninety-touah pacunds.
Dudley—No: I mean net weight-r, without yure cane, deah.—*Judge.*

Servantism.

Homely Mistress—Bridget, I don't want to be woke up before ten o'clock.
Bridget—Not til ten, mum!"
"Not until ten. I suppose that is something you can't comprehend."
"Oh, indade, mum, I have only to look at ye to comprehind entoirely that you nade a good dale of toime in the mornin' ter fix yerself oop fit ter be sane."

Evening Calls.

Much the same usage as that described for dinners prevails. The dress is influenced by the character of the occasion. Where a gentleman is calling to return the courtesy of a formal invitation previously accepted to an afternoon tea or reception, he should call within one week after the affair, preferably at the hostess' usual At Home or regular reception evening, and he should wear full evening dress. Now, the prevailing style of overcoat to be worn this season with full evening dress is what is called the Inverness, because of the ease with which it can be put on or taken off. These garments we are making up in the very latest styles, as usual to be had from the Fashionable West End Tailor. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

Not Guilty.

Teacher—Who was Christopher Columbus?
Fritz—I dunno.
"Who discovered America?"
"Well, I never did it. You can't lay the blame to me."

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

A Valuable Animal.

Clarence—Aw, by jove! Cholly, where did y' get such—aw—bweastly cur?
Cholly—Bawght him of—aw—blind fellah—leads me wight home and I—aw—don't have the dweadful wesponsibility of wemembering where I live, y' know.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Strangers just moving into the city, to Suburban Residents and the Citizens of Toronto generally.

To STRANGERS we extend a HEARTY invitation to call and see us; we want to make your acquaintances; we want your patronage, and if you will place your grocery and provision account in OUR HANDS we will guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

To our friends living in the suburbs of the city, and who think it too much trouble for us to deliver their goods, we would say NO! it is not! We will send goods anywhere from KEW BEACH to the HUMBER. Send on your orders.

To the ladies of Toronto generally we extend a cordial invitation to come and see us, look at our goods and ask our prices.

GEO. W. SHAVER

Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa sts.

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Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including

Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate

Also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.

Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1478.

XMAS 1888

RUSSELL'S XMAS SALES AT 9 King Street West have commenced, and will continue to the end of the year without abatement. Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety and at your own price.

A. A. ALEXANDER

466 West Queen St., cor. Denison Ave.

HIGH GRADE FURS

Ladies' Fur Garments, Newmarkets, Mantles, Dolmanettes and Short Jackets, in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Mink, &c., Bear, Lynx, Opossum, Sable and Fox Boas and Muffs.

Exclusive right for the West End to sell the Queen's Own Cap, which we have in stock in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb and Astracan.

Call and Inspect Our Fur Show Rooms

466 QUEEN STREET, COR. DENISON AVE

Superfluous Hair, Moles, &c.

Dorenwend's Great System OF "ELECTROLYSIS"

Is proving itself to be the most satisfactory treatment for removal of these facial blemishes yet discovered.

Ladies are coming from near and far to be treated by us. All cures are positive, and no pain is felt in the operation. Our treatment is the only one in Canada giving entire satisfaction.

Do not throw your money away trying other treatments and methods, but come to us; we promise a sure removal.

Physicians indorse the system of "Electrolysis" as the only sure cure for superfluous hair, &c.

Particulars on application.

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Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

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Specialities for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.

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LADIES

My method is meeting with great success from those who have received treatment. I guarantee a permanent removal and can refer you to leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Inquiries may be made by post. Enclose six cent stamp.

Note the address: **Madame Boudoir, 663 King St. West, Toronto.**

Dineens' Great Hat Sale

WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY

We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.

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Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

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17 KING ST. WEST, COR. JORDAN

Merino and Natural Wool

Shirts and Drawers, all Weights and Sizes

NEW FALL SCARFS

NEW FALL GLOVES

DENTS' AND FOWAL'S

FINE GOODS. LOW PRICES

WHEATON & CO.

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IRON AND STEEL WORK

Roofs, Girders, Beams, Stairs, Columns, and all kinds of Iron Work for Building Purpose

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THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.

The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000

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POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL THE APPROVED PLANS. LIFE POLICIES PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.

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Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886. Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

LADIES ATTENTION!

FINE

DRESS GOODS

H. S. MORISON & CO.

218 Yonge Street, corner Albert Street

ARE SHOWING ALL NEXT WEEK

Beautiful Satin Henriettas—In Terra-Cotta, Mahogany, Gobelin Greens, Myrtles, &c., &c., at 50c., 80c., 90c., $1.

A LATE ARRIVAL

1 Case Fine French Broadcloths—For Ladies' Tailor Made Costumes, in 12 of the leading shades, at $2.

Scotch Tweed Suitings, New Designs—All-wool. The very latest novelty in Street Costumes.

100 Boxes Silk Velvets—20 shades, $1. The Fashionable Trimming.

MANTLES

Stylish Tailor Mantles, Ulsters, Jackets, Dolmans, Wraps

The Choicest and Best Assorted Stock in the city.

New Goods Arriving Daily—Just opened, 1 case Stylish Ulsters.

PLUSH AND SEALETTE MANTLES TO ORDER

OUR SPECIALTY.

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

lowe's dress. Mr. Kyrle Bellew was at his very best, and there must be a tender corner for him in the hearts of many of the fair amongst the audience. Among those who graced boxes and orchestra stalls I noticed Mrs. G. W. Allan, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. Dawson, Miss Otter, Miss Dawson, Captain Sears, Captain Macdougall, Mr. John Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Miss Robinson, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Hodgins and Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Beardmore and Mr. Walter Beardmore. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith. Messrs. Tilley and Harry Gamble, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Eddy Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, Miss Buntin, Mr. Roberts, Miss Campbell, Miss Osler.

*

This afternoon Mrs. Edward Jones' card will summon society to Church street. Mrs. Jones' At Homes are always well managed and popular.

*

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Clarkson Jones gave a small informal dance at her house on College avenue. Verbal invitations only had been given for this affair.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton and Miss Carlton of Bristol, England, have been amongst this week's visitors to town. Mr. and Mrs. Carlton had friends here before, and have made many more. They leave next week by the C. P. R. on their way via Vancouver to Japan.

*

It is an unfortunate thing for me that Thursday and Friday are such popular evenings for festivities, for it compels my remarks on them to remain for a whole week unwritten. On Thursday night of this week the world was at Sherbourne street, where Mrs. Thomas Ferguson gave a large ball. More of it next week.

*

St. Simon's Church was the scene of a very pretty event in the wedding of Mr. Edwin R. Weller of Weller's Bay, and Miss Mary Pelham Mulvany, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Chas. Pelham Mulvany, who is remembered as a brilliant scholar and *litterateur*. The bride's dress was a most becoming one, being pure white, looped with orange blossoms with a wreath of the same flowers. Her bridesmaids were Miss Helen Mulvany and Miss Hetta Crookenden, who wore white muslin frocks with yellow sashes and carried bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums.

*

Many of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT who have known and respected Mr. H. J. P. Good for his kindly heart and that genial temperament which is his special characteristic, will learn with unfeigned regret that his health is so little improved that the doctors have ordered a sea voyage and rest as the only means of restoring him to health again. Mr. Good leaves for England at an early date, and I only echo the sentiments of all who know him when I express my sincere hope that he will return to us completely restored in health.

Personal.

Miss Mylie Norris of Quebec will winter in Toronto at Mrs. Smith's, 15 Gloucester street.

Capt. and Mrs. Clark of Brampton sailed on the Oronoco of the Quebec S. S. Co. for Barbadoes on November 5.

The Platonic Literary and Debating Society disbanded on Tuesday evening, November 6, after a very successful career.

Mr. W. S. Tinnings of Her Majesty's customs left town this week with the intention of spending his holidays in New York.

Mr. R. S. Markell, M.D.C.M., of Cloverdale, Cal., has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Craig of Simcoe street during the past week.

Miss Minnie Taylor's friends will regret to hear that she has decided to make her future home in Chicago, where her brother is in practice.

Shaftesbury Hall has been filled every night this week with large audiences at Prof. Reynolds' mesmeric entertainments. He will be there all next week, giving matinees to-day and next Saturday.

The season for seeking the south and taking trips among the tropics is at hand and Mr. Barlow Cumberland offers any number of rates by southern steamship companies to all principal places in California, Mexico, Cuba, South America, Bermuda and the West Indies.

Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the lady whistler, who appears in the Horticultural Pavilion on the evening of November 19, is the lady who created such a *furore* in London society last summer. The novelty of her entertainments stirred even royalty itself, and we are told that at a banquet she whistled a selection from an opera for the Prince of Wales during the removal of one of the courses.

The residence of Mrs. John Wilson was a scene of gaiety on the occasion of the Young Ladies' Pleasure Circle's first party of the season. Among the number of guests were Mr. Kurtz of New York, Miss Maggie Wilson, Mr. W. Bryce, Miss Ida Witherby, Misses Authors, Mair, Bartlett, Mr. Wm. St. Croix, Miss Lily Clewes, Miss Beckett, Miss May Fitzsimmons, Mr. Tinning, Miss Sullivan, Mr. J. Park, Mr. Wilmot Fitzsimmons.

Amongst the numerous guests at the wedding of Mr. J. M. Crowly and Miss L. M. Torrance were the Misses Elsie Clark, Madge Asling, Florence Brown, Patience Miller, Cissie Crowly, Etta Rouly, S. Miller and C. Hardie, Mesdames Crowly, Still, Elder and Andrews, and Messrs. M. B. McFaul, A. Ryan, Hugh McLean, Scott, Tomlin, Stevens, Still, G. M. Ross (Algoma), Elder, D. W. Clarke, A. Lyons, A. McLeod, F. S. Andrews, Prof. Hardie and Dr. D. King.

The St. George's Society concert in the Pavilion on Thanksgiving night, the 15th inst., promises to be a great success. The programme is a genuinely popular one, and the prices are low. Mr. Pell, the indefatigable secretary of the society, is in great glee at the number of tickets he has personally sold, the number being somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred. If the other members of the committee follow in Mr. Pell's footsteps the Pavilion will hold a crowded house on Thanksgiving night. The decorations used by the Grenadiers on the night of the 15th inst. will by the kindness of Capt. Mason be left in position until after Thanksgiving night.

The annual concert of the Elm street Methodist Church choir takes place on Thanksgiving night, November 15, in Elm street Church. Amongst those taking part in the programme will be Herr Fried, who is well known in Toronto, and is a great favorite with our musical people. His name alone should insure a full house. Miss Bunton was one of the soloists at the last Choral concert, and is sure to please. Mrs. Hamilton is not known well musically in Toronto, but she is a fine singer and comes highly recommended. With Mr. Blight, one of Toronto's favorite baritones, and his good lady, a queen of organists, this concert should be an unqualified success.

A most pleasant evening was spent by those who were the recipients of the hospitality of the Vingt-et-Un Club, at the residence of Mrs. C. P. Lennox, 40 Beaconsfield avenue, on Thursday of last week. The club is in a flourishing condition, its officers being—President, Mr. C. Lennox; committee, Miss E. Lennox, Miss M. Tripp, Mr. E V. Clarke, and Mr. E. E. Walker. Amongst the merry crowd of dancers on Thursday night were the Misses Lennox, Steele, Robson, Walker, McCormack, Tripp, Hughes, Donovan, Gardner, Adams, Wylie, Reid, McCleary, Nicholls and Travers, Messrs. E. V. Clark, Lennox, E. E. Walker, H. D. Millar, A. Reid, W. Tracey, O. Williams, George Montgomery, H. Bastedo, Burns, and Wilmott.

About two hundred friends of the members of Court Homewood, No. 119, assembled on Thursday evening, in the new hall of the Court, corner Berkeley and Queen streets, to witness the ceremony of the installation of officers. A programme of vocal and instrumental music enlivened the proceedings. Refreshments were also served during the evening. The D. D. H. C. R. Bro. Kidney installed the following officers: P. C. R., Bro. H. A. Layton; C. R., Bro. T. W. Scott; V. C. R., Bro. J. B. Rogers; Chaplain, Bro. R. Maxwell; R. S., Bro. S. Hutchinson; F. S., Bro. C. K. Rogers; Treas., Bro. C. J. Wilson; S. W., Bro. J. Hunt; J. W., Bro. W. E. Cooper; S. B., Bro. M. Boyle; J. B., Bro. E. R. Heyes; Court Physician, Bro. Dr. R. A. Pyne.

A large number of young people were entertained last week at the residence of Mrs. Alex. Crawford of North Toronto. Among those who were present were the following:—Miss M. Barr, Miss Donald, Miss Stevens, Miss Maud Senter, Miss Florence Burnside, Miss L. Loudon, the Misses Paton, the Misses McKenzie, Miss Kirkwood, Miss Lillie Mullholland, Mrs. J. McLauchlan, Miss Saunderson, Mr. R. C. Donald, Mr. S. C. Barr, Mr. H. Meldrum, Mr. W. E. Woodruff, Dr. Pickard, Mr. F. E. Galbraith, Mr. G. Crean, Dr. Langford, Mr. G. F. Peterson, Mr. G. Chambers, Mr. R. Williams, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Stevens, Mr. C. McNamara, Mr. E. H. Paton, Mr. D. Mullholland, Mr. B. Michell, Mr. Thompson and Mr. R. Gibson. Dancing was indulged in until the small hours.

On Wednesday morning the Sherbourne street Methodist church was the scene of the wedding of Mr. Charles Smith and Miss Isabella Grace Barnes. The bridesmaids were Miss Louisa Barnes and Miss Cook of Peterboro, the office of groomsmen being performed by Mr. H. S. Pell and Mr. R. Smith. The Rev. Dr. Stafford officiated at the ceremony, after which the party drove to the residence of the bride's father on Berkeley street where the wedding breakfast was served. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for New York. Amongst those present were Dr. Stafford and Mrs. Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lake, Mr. and Mrs. L. O. P. Genereux, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Crosby of Markham, Mr. John D. Smith of Markham, Mrs. F. Adams of Sarnia, and Mr. H. Hutchison.

Around Town.

(Continued from Page One.)

as well as the raising up of the salary list? In municipal affairs it is continually harping upon the extravagance and partizanship of the Mayor and aldermen, and a plea for increased pay for hard-worked men comes with little force from an organ which views with complacency enormous salaries paid to the holders of offices which are comparative sinecures.

***

It was fitting that flowers should have covered the grave of that kindly gentleman and able lawyer, W. A. Foster. Beneath his easy and careless exterior were the impulses of a poet, the merriment of a humorist, the warmth of a generous and hospitable friend. Loyal alike to his clients and companions, no one spoke evil of him, and he never spoke ill of others. Malice and jealousy had no part in his noble nature, and all of us who knew him are saddened by the thought that we will see him no more. As a citizen he was honest and patriotic; as a lawyer he was already great and growing in fame, as a husband he well deserved the love that will not forget him, as a son his devotion had an exalted beauty, which perhaps best marks the tenderness and purity of his nature. As a *litterateur* he would have achieved eminence, and when he turned his attention to law Canadian letters suffered a lasting loss. The sorrowing friends who followed him to his grave brought flowers which softened by their loveliness the awfulness of death, and their perfume was a fitting emblem of the sweet memory—which will live, at least, as long as this generation lasts—of the lovable man we will meet in office and street no more.

DON.

John Bright.

(See Page One.)

The recent illness of Mr. John Bright brings into especial prominence an individuality which a few years ago was dominant in the political affairs of the Old Country. The staunch old member for Birmingham, it is well known, has a rooted aversion to war, and on this account has been the object of ceaseless attacks by the Jingo party, who have never ceased to sneer at him as one of the "Manchester School of Politics." But it is probably as an orator of the highest order that John Bright is best known to the public of today. A marked feature of his public speaking is the large percentage of Anglo-Saxon words which he uses in conveying his ideas to an audience. From 1847 to the present time he has continuously sat in Parliament—the first ten years as member for Manchester, and since 1857 for Birmingham.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Miss Christie and her guest, Miss Edith Cameron, left on Monday for Toronto. After a short visit there Miss Cameron will return to her home in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Blackadder were in Toronto last Friday.

Mr. Allan Johnson, who with Mr. Hugh Hartsorn of London, made the trip from here to New York last July in canoes, returned home last Saturday.

Messrs. Arthur and Harry Yates have returned to England to complete their course at Cambridge University.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wilkes have returned from New York.

Mr. George Baird of the Bank of Commerce, Galt, spent last Sunday with friends in the city.

Mr. H. H. Rowley has returned from Paris.

Mr. George Bellhouse of the B. N. A. Bank, Paris, spent Sunday in the city.

The Brantford Musical Society are rehearsing the Mikado, and expect to produce it on December 6 and 7. The performance will be even better than former operas given by this society, the cast being particularly good and the addition of several new members making the chorus much stronger.

All Hallowe'en was celebrated here by several small parties among the younger members of society, when the time-honored customs of walking backwards around a garden at midnight, roasting chestnuts and other awe-inspiring ceremonies were gone through. It was also observed by the omnipresent small boy in his usual enthusiastic manner.

GODERICH.

The weather has undergone a most favorable change, and since Tuesday has been all that the most confirmed grumbler could desire. Thursday, therefore, saw numbers of the fair sex wending their way towards St. George's Church, attracted by what is always an interesting event, a wedding, the contracting parties being Mr. George Potter of the popular firm of Fraser & Porter, and Miss L. Cattle, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Geo. Cattle. Shortly after noon, the pretty bride, who was attired in a rich costume of white satin and moire antique, tulle veil and orange blossoms, entered leaning on the arm of her brother, followed by her two equally pretty bridesmaids, Misses Tye and Broadfoot of Seaforth, charmingly gowned in cream and biscuit colored nuns' veiling, tulle bonnets to match. The bridal party was met at the altar by the groom supported by Messrs. Hayes of Brussels and Fraser of Goderich. The Rev. Mr. Young conducted the service, during which the choir rendered several choice selections. The wedding was a quiet one, only immediate relatives being present. The bride was the recipient of many costly presents. After the *dejeneur*, which took place at the residence of the bride's mother, the happy couple left by the afternoon train, carrying with them the hearty good-wishes of their many friends.

The next event was a five o'clock tea and sale of fancy work held in the council chambers by the ladies of Knox Church on Thursday afternoon and evening. The rooms were tastefully decorated. The nursery rhyme of the Old Woman in the Shoe was well represented by Miss Nellie Garrow, the candy, work and tea tables being presided over by the young ladies of the congregation. The affair was a complete success both financially and socially.

A most enjoyable meeting of the Young Ladies' Five O'Clock Tea Club was held at the residence of Mrs. Horton.

The gentlemen of the Tennis Club met at Mr. R. S. Williams' court on Saturday afternoon, and enjoyed what will probably prove the last game of the season.

Rumors are rife of a ball to be held on or about November 16, but more anon.

The members of the English Church hold an Art Fair on Thursday and Friday of this week, which promises to be extremely enjoyable.

AIDE.

OWEN SOUND.

One of the most enjoyable dances that I have been present at for some time took place at Inglewood, the residence of Mrs. D. A. Creasor. Among the large number present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Lepan, Miss Killburn, Miss Ritson, the Misses Stephens, Miss Notter, the Misses Todd, Miss Parkes, the Misses Dobbie, Miss Smith, Miss Barnhart, Mr. and Miss Treheway, Miss Edgar, Miss Nightingale, and Messrs. Foster, Tucker, Glossop, Strathy, Drs. Dow and Dennart, Messrs. Scotts, Christie, McPherson, Notters, Marshland and Monroe.

Many of us regret the sudden departure of Mr. Glossop who was ordered to report at Parkdale for duty at the C. P. R. office there. Mr. Glossop who was quite a favorite, will be greatly missed here.

BROOKE.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BAMFORD—On November 1, at Toronto, Mrs. Jas. Bamford—a daughter.

OVERLAND—On November 4, at Erin, Mrs. C. Overland, Jr.—a daughter.

EARLS—On November 3, at Toronto, Mrs. John Earls—a son.

GRASETT—On October 29, at Plymouth, England, Mrs. A. W. Grasett—a son.

ELLIS—On November 6, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Ellis—a son.

ALLEN—On November 5, at Malton, Mrs. Daniel Allen—a son.

OGILVY—On November 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur T. Ogilvy—a son.

STEELE—On November 6, at Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Steele—a daughter.

Marriages.

BLACKWELL—CLARKE—On October 24, at Galt, S. D. BLACKWELL to Lillian G. Clarke.

CROWLY—TORRANCE—On November 1, at Toronto, J. M. Crowly to Lizzie M Torrance of Hamilton, Scotland.

BARRINGTON—TIDMAN—On October 31, at Montreal, Findlay D. Barrington to Alice Tidman.

REARSON—RANEY—On October 27, Harvey S. Rearson of Maitland, to Mary Raney of Maitville, Ont.

WILKINSON—DONNELLY—On November 1, at Toronto, Mr. W. H. Wilkinson to Fannie Donnelly.

ANDERSON—WATERSTON—On October 9, at San Francisco, Cal., U. S., Jas. T. Anderson to Betsy Ross Waterston of Montreal.

DAYNES—DALLYN—On October 31, at Wordsville, Mr. John Daynes of Woodville, to Miss Etta E. Dallyn of the township of Eldon.

FRANKLIN—CHARLTON—On October 31, at Riceville, Ont., Malcolm Franklin to Hannah Charlton of Toronto, Ont.

OWEN—FARISH—On October 24, at Yarmouth, Jacob Miller Owen of Annapolis, to Isabella Ann Farish.

STEWART—GRANVILLE—On October 18, at Heron's Ghyll, Sussex, Eng., Edward Stewart to Georgina Fitzalan Howard, daughter of Henry Granville, Duke of Norfolk.

SHAW—SPEIGHT—On November 3, at Toronto, William A. Shaw to Martie Speight.

TUFTS—MORLEY—On October 31, at London, Ont., R. J. Tufts to Mrs. Sarah Morley of Clinton.

THOMPSON—SMITH—On October 24, at Deseronto, Charles William Thompson, London, Eng., to Alice Viola Smith.

WHITE—SAGE—On September 25, at Upper Edmonton, Eng., Percy White Eastbourne to Annie Isabella Sage of Weir Hall, Upper Edmonton.

ACKLAND—KENSINGTON—On October 18, at East Budleigh, Devon, Eng., John McKno Ackland, M. R. C. S., to Ida Kensington of Westbourne, Budleigh, Salterton, Devon.

BURGESS—WURSTER—On November 6, at Kleinberg, Ont., David Burgess to Charlotte Louise Wurster.

COLLINS—BOUVIER—On October 16, at Dublin, Rev. William Blanford Collins, B. A., rector of Elvington, York, to Melanie Delphanie Bouvier of Torre-Pellice, Piedmont, Italy.

SMITH—FAULKNER—On November 6, John Smith to Mary Louisa (Louie) Faulkner of Manchester, Eng.

FOY—CUMBERLAND—On November 7, at the residence of the bride's mother, Eastcote, Queen's Park, Toronto, by Very Rev. Father Laurent, Augustine Foy, Barrister-at-Law, to Constance Mary, youngest daughter of the late Col. F. W. Cumberland.

KENNEDY—STEPHENSON—On November 9, at Toronto, John Henry Kennedy of Magnettawan, to Susan Craig Stephenson.

CLEMENT—HART—On November 1, at Shannonville, Reuben S. Clement of Deseronto, to Annie Hart.

GOWAN—STEWART—On October 25, W. Gowan, Deseronto, to Sarah Stewart.

HERBERT—ELLIS—On November 6, at Toronto, John Herbert to Mrs. Mary Ellis.

SCOTT—DENNET—On November 6, at Toronto, John Franklin Scott to Ellen Maud Dennet.

WATSON—STAFFORD—On October 30, Dexter Watson of Deseronto, to Hattie Stafford of Oswego, N.Y.

WARWICK—WARD—On November 7, at Toronto, Chas. E. Warwick to Gertrude E. Ward.

YULE—SHAW—On October 29, at Gananoque, George W. Yule to Ida A. Shaw.

Deaths.

SMITH—On November 4, Robert Smith.

SLATER—On November 5, at Lyons, Iowa, Mrs. Mary A Slater (formerly of this city, and a native of Derby, Derbyshire, Eng.), aged 64 years.

COWDRY—On October 26, at Macleod, N. W. T., Frederick Thomas Cowdry, aged 1 month.

GRANT—On October 31, at Detroit, Charley Arthur Leslie Grant, aged 24 years.

KEOGH—On October 29, in the township of Guelph, Ont., James Keough, sr., aged 96 years.

MACNEIL—On October 30, at Montreal, Donald Peter MacNeil, of her Majesty's Customs.

ROWELL—On October 29, at Riverside, Cal., John Clark Rowell, aged 27 years.

RUTHVEN—On November 2, at Milton, Edward Stanley Ruthven, of the Bank of Hamilton.

REEKIE—On October 24, drowned in the Georgian Bay, John Reekie.

CUSHNAGHEN—On November 6, Daniel Cushnaghen, aged 3 months.

GARTON—On November 6, at Port Hope, Ann Garton, aged 67 years.

GOODWIN—On November 3, at Strathroy, Susanna Victoria Goodwin.

MCCALLUM—On November 4, at Kingston, James McCallum, aged 54 years.

ROBBS—On November 4, at Kingston, William George Robbs, aged 18 years.

TURNER—On November 6, at Toronto, William Turner, aged 55 years.

WHYDDON—On November 2, at Montreal, Joseph Whyddon, aged 86 years.

COLLING—On October 7, at Lowville, Featherston Colling, aged 56 years.

MCKINNON—On October 16, at Erin Township, Isabella Robertson McKinnon.

BRYANT—On November 4, at Brooklyn, N.Y., John S Bryant, aged 69 years.

FERGUSON—On November 3, at Morristown, N. J., Elizabeth Gregory.

MCPHERSON—On November 7, at Toronto, Margaret McPherson, aged 32 years.

CURRIE—On November 1, at Sweetsburgh, Que., W. W. O'Dwyer, aged 65 years.

SAMUEL—On November 4, at London, England, Elizabeth Louisa Samuel.

PLUMMER—On November 4, at Toronto, Geo. Plummer, aged 72 years.

RENWICK—On November 5, at Hamilton, Thomas Renwick, aged 36 years.

LOCKINGTON—On October 29, at Lindsay, Jane Eliza Rodden, aged 66 years.

WARCUP—On October 31, at Goderich, Matthew Warcup, of Laprairie.

LOVEKIN—On October 31, at Clarke Township, John W. Lovekin, aged 75 years.

HENAY—On November 6, at Toronto, William Joseph Henay, aged 36 years.

IRWIN—On October 29, at Sherbrooke, P. Q., Woodward Irwin, aged 7 months.

LOCKHART—On November 5, at Toronto, Thomas A. Lockington, aged 63 years.

MARTIN—On November 5, at Lindsay, Philip Sanford Martin.

HARRISON—At Toronto, Rebecca Grantham Harrison, aged 39 years.

HARRIS—On October 29, at Peckham, S. E., London, Eng., Alfred Harris, aged 74 years.

Robe de Bal.

PARISIAN INNOVATION—Production of The Atradome. King Street East, Toronto.

Elm Street Methodist Church

THANKSGIVING CONCERT

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1888

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS

MRS. GEO. HAMILTON, Soprano Of Hamilton.

MRS. GLASS, Soprano

MISS BUNTON, Soprano

MISS C. GRAINGER, Contralto

HERR FRIED, Tenor Of Rochester.

MR. H. M. BLIGHT, Baritone

MRS. H. M. BLIGHT . . . Organist

MR. BLIGHT . . . Conductor

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ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT

Pavilion Music Hall. Thanksgiving Day

Thursday, Nov. 15, 1888

At 8 o'clock p.m. Torrington Orchestra, 60 Members.

VOCALISTS—Miss A. Robinson, Soprano; Mr. Sims Richards, Tenor; Mr. F. Warrington, Baritone.

INSTRUMENTALISTS—Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge, Solo Flute; Mr T. H. Clark, Solo Cornet; Mr. E. Spacey, Solo Horn; Mr. T. R. Smith, Solo Euphonium. F. H. Torrington, Musical Director and Conductor.

Tickets—Reserved seats, 50 cents; upper gallery, 25 cents. Reserved seat tickets exchanged for numbered coupons at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' store, Yonge street, on and after Thursday, 8th inst., at 10 o'clock.

J. SPOFFER, President. J. E. PELL, Secretary.

Horticultural Pavilion, Monday Evn'g, Nov. 19

First appearance in this city. Fresh from her European triumphs, America's Phenomenon

MRS. ALICE J. SHAW, THE WHISTLER PRIMA DONNA And Queen of all artists as a whistler, whose visit to London the past season has been a continued sequence of successes. She whistled three times before their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales; also at the mansion of the Rothschilds. Mrs. Shaw will be supported by an excellent company of artists, and Signor Tagliapietra, the renowned baritone.

This grand entertainment is under the most distinguished patronage of their excellencies the Governor General and Lady Stanley.

Reserved seats 75c., $1 and $1.50. Admission to upper gallery 50c. Plan opens at Nordheimer's, November 1.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

Mendelssohn Quintette Club (of Boston)

AT THE

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Saturday Evening Only, Nov. 10

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1888

Tickets 35 cents and 25 cents. Reserved seat plan at Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge street. No extra charge for reserved seats.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament at the next respective sessions thereof for an Act to incorporate the East Toronto and Richmond Hill Railway Company, with full powers to construct and operate a double or single line of railway from a point on the line of the proposed extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Claremont to North Bay, or from a point on the Midland Railway or both to a point within or near the Village of Richmond Hill, thence southerly as near Yonge Street as practicable to a point within or near the City of Toronto, thence easterly and southerly to and along the valley of the Don River to the water front, thence easterly along the water front to a point at or near Victoria Park, thence northerly and westerly through or near the Villages of East Toronto and Chester to the valley of the Don and to a point in the line of the said railway, with power to make running arrangements with and crossings over other railways as may be necessary or expedient.

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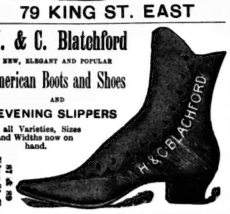

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PUBLIC AUCTION

C. & J. ALLEN

29 King Street West

Have concluded to retire from business, and will sell the whole of their immense stock, so well and favorably known,

By Auction each day at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.
Private Sales Every Morning

Commencing Monday, Nov. 5

And continuing until the whole stock is disposed of. Anticipate your Christmas and other wants. An opportunity of this kind is rarely offered. Purchasers can have goods held for them for one month by depositing 25 per cent. of amount of purchase. Every comfort provided for ladies attending our sales.

Remember the date, Monday November 5.

C. & J. ALLEN

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Special Close Prices for the Next Thirty Days

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(Successor to Goulden & Trorey)

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

New Remedy FOR Chapped Hands

Alaska Cream

IT DRIES INSTANTLY
IT WHITENS THE SKIN

PRICE, 25 CENTS

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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Jamieson's prices are always right. Correspondence from those living out of the city promptly attended to.

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THE CLOTHIER

Cor. Yonge & Queen Sts.

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 27

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the capital stock of this institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after

Saturday, the 1st Day of December Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
Cashier.

TORONTO, 25th October, 1888.

Charles Brown,

Nos. 36 and 38
KING ST. WEST.

Coupes 75c.
Carriages $1
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PACIFIC COAST

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FREEHOLD, LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

DIVIDEND NO. 58

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after Saturday, the First Day of December next, at the office of the Company, Church street. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board,

S. C. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, 24th October, 1888.

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5 King Street East - TORONTO

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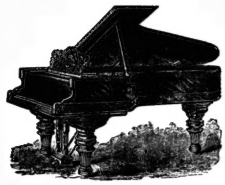

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